

THE STANDARD

HENRY GEORGE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TARIFF DEBATE.

The debate on the Mills bill is going along bravely in the house, democrats and republicans speaking alternately. Or rather, it should be said free traders and protectionists alternate, for it is evident in the house, as through the country, that political distinctions that for some time have meant nothing are passing away, and that the real political contest this year is to be between protection and free trade. Mr. Foran of Ohio is the first so-called democrat to break away in the debate from the tariff policy of his party. His place in the coming campaign will, of course, be with Blaine.

The protected trusts and combines are more and more alarmed. The fact that the Mills bill is in reality more protective than the highest protective measure before the war passes for nothing with them—even with those of them that it leaves for the moment untouched. They realize that the attack upon their privilege of robbing their fellow citizens is just as deadly as though the bill proposed to sweep away every protective duty at one blow. Nor does the protectionist ornamentation which the president thought it prudent to drape around the essential free trade parts of his message get him any more consideration than if he had left it out. "As well might the surgeon, having announced his intention to remove the heart of the patient, seek to allay his fears by the assurance that he would not disturb his circulation or impair his physical energies," snorted Mr. Burroughs of Michigan. "The passage of this bill will mean the death knell of protection," said Mr. Goff of West Virginia. And so it will. Not that its provisions really go to the heart of protection, but that they will break the protective line—the combination based on the principle, "You help me rob the people and I'll help you." From steel rails to peanuts there is not a single protected interest that would not be eager to abolish all other protective duties if it could be assured that the duty which enables it to tax American citizens could only be maintained. Even the peanut "industry" knows that if all other duties except that of one cent per pound on peanuts in the shell and one cent and a half a pound on peanuts out of the shell were abolished American children and American theatergoers could buy more peanuts, while the money the peanut growers sold their peanuts for would buy more of everything else. But each protected industry knows that it is only one in a line of bricks stood on end.

Talking together some time before the president's message about the evident rise, especially among workingmen, of an anti-protectionist spirit, a Pennsylvania iron millionaire said finally to a Detroit man, who has made a number of millions in grabbing land and selling stumps. "Well, if the worst comes to the worst, we can throw over the lumber duty as a tub to the free trade whale."

"Will you?" retorted the Michiganander. "When you do, that tub will be looped with Pennsylvania iron."

Mr. Goff of West Virginia declared, however, that he was grateful to the president, and in his gratitude we who want the death knell of protection sounded as soon as possible, can cordially concur. The president's message, said Mr. Goff, has made it impossible for democratic speakers in the next campaign to go through Pennsylvania and West Virginia claiming that Cleveland is as good a protectionist as Blaine. He is right. The days of double dealing on the tariff question are over, and the Randalls and the Danas must soon betake themselves where they belong. And the tariff discussion in the house shows as yet no disposition on the part of democrats to shrink the issue. All the democratic speeches yet made, except that of Mr. Foran, who was outspoken on the other side, have followed the keynote struck by Mills and have gone straight for the vicious principle of protection without hesitation or equivocation. It is not little details of "tariff tinkering" that are being debated in the house, but a great principle—restriction versus liberty—protection against free trade. And so must it be before the people. Let the politician who is

not ready to go heartily with one side betake himself to the other. The democratic party has rallied to the true democratic standard unfurled by Cleveland, and has burned its ships.

"I do not intend that this issue shall be dodged or evaded in the coming canvass, at least not in Indiana," said Senator Voorhees last week. "While these halls are vocal from day to day, and from week to week, with eulogies on the protection afforded to labor by the present tariff, yet the hard, clear, bold, determined fact that labor has no protection at all under the present system of tariff taxation confronts each successive speaker, and mocks, derides and stares him out of countenance."

This is the spirit that is everywhere rising in the democratic ranks, and this is the spirit that will give victory.

The New York Sun, the ablest of all the Blaine journals, but which is just now appropriately printed on very blue paper, "views with regret" the enthusiastic endorsement which Cleveland is receiving from the organizations of his party all over the country and the certainty of his nomination by acclamation at St. Louis, and attributes it all to patronage and the prospect of patronage. The truth is that the democratic party has at last found a leader bold enough to proclaim democratic principle. For years the democracy has been a mere party of opposition, with no better rallying cry than "turn the rascals out." Now, under Cleveland's leadership it is starting forward on an aggressive campaign. And if the party crows and camp followers discern the omens of victory it is because they see that this aggressive policy is bringing to Mr. Cleveland the enthusiastic support of masses of men who feel for the first time the joy of contest for a real principle. Had the democratic leaders had the courage and the honesty to make an aggressive fight when the cry of danger to protection was raised in 1880, Hancock would have been president of the United States.

One hundred iron and steel workers of Pittsburg were to go to Washington this week to work with members against the Mills bill. Their expenses are, of course, paid by the steel combine, which, with the millions of blackmail that the tariff enables it to wring annually from the American people, could easily afford to send a thousand.

But even if these steel and iron workers represented themselves—even if the tariff put into the pockets of the workers, instead of into the pockets of employers like Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whatever profit is gained by making the American people pay far more for steel and iron than they ought to pay, they would deserve no respect or consideration.

For think of the callous impudence really involved in a lot of steel and iron workers going to congress to ask that a tax shall be kept up on the whole people to maintain their wages. Are steel and iron workers any better than wood workers, or brick workers, or dirt workers, or any other workers, that the wages of other workers should be diminished to increase their wages?

Yet this is what in a case like the steel and iron workers would be asking. What they are asking, as a matter of fact, is more preposterous still. They are asking that all workers shall be taxed, in order, not that the proceeds shall be paid to them to increase their wages—but that the proceeds shall be paid to such men as Andrew Carnegie, in the chance that he, as a matter of sheer benevolence, may increase their wages. In truth, what they are asking is even worse than this. They are asking that the steel and iron combines shall themselves have power to levy the tax upon the whole people, on the chance that this combine may let them have some of the crumbs.

Money is the mere flux and counter of exchanges. Men really work, not for money, but for the things which the money they may in the first place get for their work enables them to procure—for food, clothing, shelter and the thousand and one articles of necessity and convenience for which, through this intermediary of money, their labor is exchanged. And wages are just as effectually reduced by increasing the cost of these things as by a reduction in money wages. It is characteristic, moreover, of all indirect taxation, and especially of the indirect taxation which, like that of our protective tariff, has for its prime object the increase of prices, that it falls ultimately with greatest weight upon the poorer class—the working class. Thus what in reality these iron and steel workers are asking is that the wages of all workers shall be reduced in order that the profits of Andrew Carnegie et al. may be increased. This is what in their ignorance and selfishness they call legislation for the benefit of American labor.

But the laws of competition with which the steel and iron workers at least must be acquainted make it impossible that they should by any taxing of labor increase their wages. Even if the benefits of the net sums wrested from the rest of the

American people by taxes which make iron and steel artificially dear in the United States went to the workers in the steel and iron industries and not to their employers, the competition of labor from less favored industries would soon so reduce their wages that what they got would not exceed what could be earned by labor in other vocations requiring equal skill and application. What then can they hope for from taxing the people of the United States for the benefit of a combination of employers? While these employers have been rolling up their millions, the steel and iron workers, in order to get what they consider half decent wages, have been forced to combine and to carry on long and bitter strikes. At this very time Andrew Carnegie, after his great mill at Braddock has lain idle for months, has started it up again with non-union men, guarded by Pinkerton detectives, and the "protected" steel and iron workers formerly in his employ are left to take their chances for work among the unprotected masses.

Andrew Carnegie and his fellow employers are not to be blamed. In all the long roll of manifold millionaires who by the operation of our laws have been created there is no more generous man than Andrew Carnegie. Pittsburg, New York, Edinburgh, and his little native town in Scotland have all received from him splendid donations, and his money flows freely to help causes in which he is interested. But he doesn't, as a matter of business, pay more money for what he can get for less money, which is the very thing that the taxes that these steel and iron workers want to keep up compel the American people to do. Nor, no matter how much it hurts the people generally, no matter how much it represses other industries, would the tariff on steel and iron do Mr. Carnegie and his fellow steel and iron masters any permanent good did they not by combination and in other ways secure monopolies which enable them to restrict the manufacture of steel and iron in the United States, and thus secure protection, not merely against foreign industry, but against home industry as well.

Whoever else may profit by protective taxes, labor cannot profit. The whole benefit of protection goes ultimately to monopoly. What labor needs is freedom.

The value of protectionist facts and figures is well illustrated by the following preposterous statement made by Mr. Osborne of Pennsylvania in the tariff debate:

A careful compilation of the statistics furnished by our consular and other authentic reports, recently furnished by Mr. J. H. Walker of Massachusetts, show that the fair average difference in the cost of the yearly supplies of a family of four persons in Italy, Belgium, France, Germany or England, and a like family in the United States is about \$14, including tariff duties. These supplies include twenty-one different articles which enter into the consumption of the humblest American household. The wage earning is computed on the basis of two workers—a man and woman, or a man and boy—to each family. The wage rate in each country is the other factor in the problem. What is the result?

This table shows that a laborer's family of four persons, with two workers, can not possibly save in Germany over \$11.70; in Belgium, \$4; in France, \$7.90; in England, \$12; in America, \$54, in a whole year.

A weaver's family can save in Germany nothing; in Belgium, \$70.50; in France \$144; in England, \$284; in America, \$834.

Take the highest paid workers, it shows that the possible savings of the family of a locomotive engineer in Germany are \$450.33; in Belgium, \$488; in France, \$1,040.40; in England, \$432.40; in America, \$1,334; and the possible savings of carpenters, blacksmiths, tin smiths, etc., range between these extremes in each of the countries named.

It is evident that Mrs. Harris (for it is clearly she who gets up protectionist statistics under the non de plume of J. H. Walker), is getting ready to strike hands with Elliott F. Shepard in his efforts to boom Chauncey M. Depew for president, for it was he who first pointed out the giant power of locomotive engineers' savings.

Mr. O'Neill, another Pennsylvania protectionist who indulged in the same kind of spread eagle laudation of the magnificent prosperity of the American workingman under the protective tariff, also quoted some figures. The report of the Massachusetts bureau of labor statistics shows, according to him, that while the expense of maintaining a weaver's family of five in Lancashire, England, amounted to \$6.73½ per week, the cost in Massachusetts was only \$7.99½, a difference of \$1.26, whereas the wages paid in Massachusetts would give the family an income of \$10.30 as against only \$6.96 in England. This magnificent net difference of \$2.08 per week Mr. O'Neill attributed entirely to protection to American industry. Unfortunately for his own case, his speech, as printed in the Congressional Record, gives the full statement of the Massachusetts bureau of labor statistics. This is the statement as to wages:

The Massachusetts weaver earns per week, \$5.64
Two children in weaver room, half-dinner
per week \$2.33..... 4.66

Total income per week of the family..... \$10.50
The Lancashire weaver earns per week..... 5.78
Two children in weaver room, half-dinner
each per week, 84 cents..... 1.68

Total income per week of the family..... 6.96
Excess of weekly income in Massachusetts..... \$3.54

From this it will be seen that the differ-

ence in the earnings of the family is almost entirely due to the labor of the children, who, under the factory laws of England, are not permitted to work as long as in Massachusetts. The highly protected Massachusetts weaver gets on this showing only thirty-six cents more per week than the "pauper" English weaver, which would leave him, according to the table of necessary expenses just \$1.26 per week worse off than the "pauper" Englishmen, were it not for the longer toil of his children. But this table of expenses is made up solely of food and an allowance for rent, and does not embrace clothing, or any of the other items which are much cheaper in England than they are in this country.

The real truth is, as has been stated officially by the Massachusetts bureau of labor statistics, and is a matter of common notoriety, that in the highly protected industries of Massachusetts the family of the highly protected American laborer could not live were it not for the work done by women and children, while in the whole civilized world it is doubtful if there is to be found a condition of labor really nearer to pauperism than in the highly protected industries of Pennsylvania.

During the debate Mr. Ford of Michigan produced the following suggestive table, compiled by Mr. Philip of Iowa. It is a list of some of the protected trusts, with a statement of the percentage of protective duty they enjoy, the percentage of bonus which this is calculated to permit them to collect from their fellow citizens, and the whole amount they pay for labor in each \$100 of product:

Name of Trust.	Duties, percent.	Profit, percent.	Whole amount paid for labor in each \$100 of product.
Salt trust.....	50	83	46
Earthenware trust.....	25	36	49
Refrigerator trust.....	44	42	42
Plow steel trust.....	45	33	33
General steel trust.....	45	33	33
Salt trust.....	45	33	33
General iron trust.....	45	33	33
Copper trust.....	45	33	33
Zinc trust.....	45	33	33
Tin trust.....	45	33	33
Lead trust.....	45	33	33
Glass trust.....	45	33	33
Sugar trust.....	45	33	33
Lined oil trust.....	45	33	33
Rubber shoe trust.....	45	33	33
Envelope trust.....	45	33	33
Paper bag trust.....	45	33	33
Cordage trust.....	45	33	33
Average.....	45	33	33

Mr. Russell of Massachusetts made some telling points in the house debate. He declared that the prosperity of the great boot and shoe industry of his district had been much stimulated by the repeal of the duty on hides, and that if all tariff duties were abolished, including the thirty per cent duty on boots and shoes, the American boot and shoe industry could not merely hold its own against all the world, but enormously expand. Mr. Russell gave a striking instance of the greater efficiency of American labor than European labor. He said the proprietors of an automatic soling and heel machine invented in Massachusetts a few years since took out letters patent in Europe as well as in the United States, and instead of selling the machines, leased them for a royalty on each boot or shoe sewed on them, the number being indicated by a self-registering device. Mr. Russell continued:

After that machine was started in this country they went over to Europe with it and introduced it into the great boot and shoe manufacturing establishments not only of Great Britain, but also of Germany, and at the end of the year they were very much surprised to find that their royalties from the machines in use in England reached only 47 per cent of what they collected in the state of Massachusetts. They were alarmed and suspicious. They knew that from the accurate construction of the machine and the certainty of its registering power it could not tell any lie about its own work, so they sent over one of the ablest men in Massachusetts in the examination of patent matters to investigate.

He came back and told them that they were getting an honest return from the foreign boot and shoe manufacturers, and that the explanation was that the best labor of England could not produce with those machines more than forty-seven per cent of the amount of work that was produced by the Massachusetts operatives upon the same machine. That meant that the American mechanic, with his enterprise and his ambition, standing at those machines, worked more hours a day at a greater rate of speed than did the "pauper labor," as it is called, of Great Britain; it meant that the Englishman quit work on Saturday afternoon and did not come back to work until Tuesday morning; it meant that he would not work as many hours or stand to his work as well as the Massachusetts workman, and there is the whole difference between "pauper labor" and free labor.

I spoke for free trade last Friday night at Brockton, one of the shoe towns of Massachusetts, and found the people there waking up fast on the subject. On Saturday night I spoke in Tremont temple, Boston. A gentleman in the Tremont temple audience asked me how, if protection was the robbery and fraud I said it was, that we of the north, after putting on ourselves such a high protective tariff, were enabled to conquer the free trade south. I replied that it was because, while we protected ourselves by a highly protective tariff, we at the same time protected the south a good deal better; that we bought and built ships, put fighting men aboard of them, and sent them down to cruise off every southern harbor, and thus fully protected the home markets of our southern brethren. One of the Boston papers says that this was flippant. It was not. But for our blockade of

the southern ports the north would certainly have had a much harder and much longer job in conquering the south. And what we do to our enemies in time of war in blockading their ports and preventing goods from entering, is just what protectionists tell us we ought to do to ourselves in time of peace. The difference between a blockading squadron and a tariff is merely one of degree.

HENRY GEORGE

Representative Nelson of Minnesota may not be one of the thirteen single tax men who are said to be in congress, but he uses single tax spectacles to look through the fallacy that protection makes high wages. High wages in this country, he says, are not due to protection, but to the fertile and cheap lands open to settlement here which make wages tend to equal the amount obtainable from such lands. That is it, exactly. Cheap land makes high wages, and the cheaper the land the higher the wages. If we had but one tax, that on land values, all unused land would be cheap, and accordingly all wages would be high. Add to this exemption from all taxation on products which the single tax involves, and wages would be higher yet. It is true, as Mr. Nelson says, that wages tend to equal the amount obtainable from cheap land open to settlement; but the amount obtainable from cheap land is less than it would be if the land were cheaper and less than it would be if the amount obtainable were not burdened with taxes.

It is said of one Giles Williams, a Wall street broker who recently died, that years ago he bought a square of ground in the center of Chicago for \$600, which he sold subsequently for \$40,000. He was very proud of his bargain, as well he might have been, for his franchise to tax the people of Chicago had multiplied nearly seventy times. But if he were alive now he might not be so proud. He might want to be kicked for not reading "Progress and Poverty" before he sold. That same land is worth \$18,000,000, or four hundred and fifty times as much as he sold it for. And yet all that land value, from nothing up to \$18,000,000, is nothing in the world but the necessities of the people of Chicago capitalized.

This is the sort of thing the Mail and Express has brought upon itself by publishing a suggestion that we ought to encourage trade with the Argentine republic by readjusting the duty on wool. We clip it from one of those delightful "tariff talks" in the Press:

"One of the loudest complaints of the free traders," said Mr. Moore to the Press tariff talker, "is that they are prohibited by reason of the high wages which the protective system gives rise to from entering into competition with England and other European countries for the South American trade. They are not content with the absolute control of the home market, the best in the world. They are willing to risk that and everything else for a chance to get into the South American market patch. Bah! I've little patience with the duces; have you?"

Fancy calling Elliott F. Shepard a dunce! A man who can quote a fresh text out of the bible every day in the year!

The course of democratic leaders in congress indicates that they will not shrink the tariff issue in the campaign; but even if the party should try to avoid tariff discussion the republicans will not let them. In this city arrangements are already making for protection meetings, and while protection democrats are openly going over to the republican party, republicans are warning the democratic party that it cannot again claim to be a protection party. The mills of the gods will be too much this year for wire pullers and platform makers.

Whenever in the interest of all the people some benevolent "dreamer" proposes something which will diminish values that are unjustly vested in a privileged few, the welkin is made to ring with discordant cries of "confiscation! confiscation!" But when, in the interest of a privileged few, "practical statesmen" propose to tax away the earnings of the people the cry of confiscation, like the voice of the turtle, is heard no more in the land. The commissioners of the district of Columbia recommend a tunnel under a portion of West Washington to carry the waters of Rock creek, the small stream that now separates Georgetown from Washington, into the Potomac, and to fill in the bed of the creek so as to make about fifty blocks of building lots where now there is a useless stream. This is excellent. But who is to pay for it? Since the owners of the worthless creek will be greatly enriched by the result, it would seem that they ought to bear the expense. But that would not seem in accordance with precedent. Therefore congress is called upon to disburse \$600,000 for the project. Clearly it makes a difference whether we tax land owners for the benefit of the public or the public for the benefit of land owners. The one is "confiscation," while the other is "local improvement."

There is a way of rolling a little ball in the hand so as to cause the sensation of two or three rolling balls. Children often amuse each other with the trick. To make the deception complete the subject of the experiment must close his eyes

and be ignorant of the number of balls he is rolling. In that case he is likely to declare that there are several balls, and, if he does not know the trick, certain to say there is more than one.

The Rev. Washington Gladden has made himself the subject of an experiment like this. Wishing to inform the readers of the Chautauquan of the causes of poverty, he made careful preparations by closing his eyes and acquiring a supply of ignorance both elaborate and complex, and then, as it were, began to roll the balls. This qualified him to announce dogmatically that there is no panacea for poverty, and to describe a variety of causes in which it originates. Among these causes—these balls he thought he was rolling in his hand, when in fact he was rolling but one—he named laziness, waste, mismanagement, extravagance, injurious indulgence and absence of resolute purpose. But toward the last, as his fingers moved more slowly, and his eyes opened, the sensation of several balls so distinct before, began to die out, and he found that there was only one ball after all; it was the remedy for poverty, which he described as "individual effort under equal laws." He was too tired then, however, to discuss that remedy, or we might have found that even the Rev. Washington Gladden believes in a panacea for poverty. It is indeed individual effort under equal laws that must cure poverty if it is ever cured. But experience tells us that we are not now lacking in individual effort. A go where poverty is most distressing, and there you will find individual effort doing its work. Experience also tells us that we are lacking in equal laws, and the unequal law which is the key stone of the whole structure of unequal laws, is that which empowers some men to withhold from others their share of the common inheritance. When laws permit some to draw incomes from the granting of privileges to use the earth and compel others to pay for such privileges or die, these laws are unequal laws, and no amount of individual effort can neutralize their poverty producing effects, for when one individual acquires a privilege under them he crowds other individuals out.

John Jarrett has returned from the thicket of the tariff fight and reports that all is well for the industries of the country. We should like to think so, but we fear very much that it isn't. Never since the war has there been such a determined, systematic and unscrupulous assault upon the tariff as is now progressing, and this fact should not be forgotten for a moment by the friends of our industries.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

This is the same John Jarrett who testified before the United States senate committee on education and labor that no matter how much the price of iron might rise the manufacturers would take all the benefit of the advance. "The wages of labor," said Mr. Jarrett, "can only be maintained at a living standard by the workmen belonging to labor organizations." Now he reports "that all is well for the industries of the country." Of course what he means is that the labor organizations are flourishing. Either that, or—well, of course that's what he means.

He Did Not Raise Her Rent.

Detroit Free Press.
"Madam," said the landlord of a Park street house as he called the other morning, "I have come to tell you that—that"
"That you are going to lift the rent five dollars per month," she interrupted.
"Well, yes, rents have sharply advanced, you know."
"Well, we won't pay it."
"No, I suppose not, and you will move the 1st of May."
"Yes, sir; and meanwhile, you can put a sign on the house. I shall be only too happy to show people through."
"Indeed, but you are very kind."
"Oh, no, I ain't. Our cat died this morning, and I'll chuck her body into a barrel down cellar and tell everybody that we are going to move on account of severe gas."
"Oh! What?"
"And it ain't enough I'll get another, and also add an old codfish!"
"Madame, do you like the house?"
"Fairly well."
"And is the present rent satisfactory?"
"Perfectly so."
"Then stay for another year. I prefer to keep a good tenant even if I don't get quite so much rent. Good day, madame, and if you want any repairs made please send me word."

Striking a Deadly Blow at the Fishing Industry.

New York Sun.
President Cleveland has interfered in the matter of the wholesale violations of the law forbidding the importation of foreign labor under contract in New England. About two weeks ago he wrote to United States District Attorney Galvin, saying:
"Information has reached the treasury department that a large number of foreigners have been brought into the state of Massachusetts under contract, and that the contract labor law for the purpose of manning American fishing vessels sent out from the ports of Gloucester, Boston, and Beverly for the purpose of taking fish along the Canadian coast. It seems to me quite certain that such foreigners have been brought in by parties in direct violation of the statute covering such cases, and I believe that the importation of such foreigners tends to the destruction of American labor. I am aware that many of those persons have, through the care of the officials, been returned to the country from which they came. I therefore enjoin on you the duty of a prompt investigation of these cases, and request that you confer with the collectors of the ports of Boston and Gloucester, that prompt and effective measures may be taken."

Figures Made to Order.

Congressman Browne's (Protection) Speech.
Well, I have the figures of Mr. Henry A. Brown, an ex-treasury expert, who has made these calculations in the interest of maintaining a protective duty on American labor. I am responsible for his figures, nor for the figures the gentleman refers to. I find that figures are a very convenient thing. We make them in tariff discussions to supply the home demand. (Laughter.)

Well, the parishes have been swallowed

refused either to pay a bounty or impose a duty, so naturally every continental retailer shipped as much sugar as possible to England, took the bounty out of the pockets of his own countrymen and sold his sugar to the unprincipled Englishmen at considerably less than the cost of production. The sugar refining industry of England has been ruined in the same way that a housekeeper's industry of sweeping is ruined when she gets a servant. But other industries, into

Some studious Englishman has discovered that the figures of the year 1888 added together make 25; and has written about it to the princess of Wales, who has just been celebrating her diamond wedding by getting a lot of presents from everybody who could be persuaded or bullied into subscribing to pay for them. And the princess has commanded her private secretary to write to this studious Briton, expressing her thanks for his interesting information, upon which the studious and loyal Englishman overflows in a letter to the *Times*, feeling it his duty to let the general public share his joy, and pointing out that "his century gives three such years, 1879, the present, and 1897; there will be four such years in the next century

Taxpayers **Young** **A** **L** **Early**

house room to the increase of population, yet there would still be plenty of "leftovers."

Little Girl--No 'm, we don't, but Mrs. Smith's goin' ter lend us a hen that wants ter set, an' ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE STANDARD is forwarded to subscribers by the early morning mails each Thursday. Subscribers who do not receive the paper promptly will confer a favor by communicating with the publisher.

THOSE TIN PLATES AGAIN.

In a letter printed in another column Mr. C. A. Scott, secretary of the tariff committee of the National iron roofing manufacturers' association, takes exception to THE STANDARD's views on the subject of the duty on tin plates, and states at length his reasons for demanding such an increase in the tin plate duty as will prevent the interference of the imported tin plates with the protected domestic industry of manufacturing sheet iron roofing.

We are glad to receive Mr. Scott's communication. His position as the selected champion before congress of the iron roofing industry gives an importance to his statements and a weight to his arguments that they might not possess if presented by a less prominent man. Mr. Scott has considered the situation maturely; his letter is dated from Washington; and we may assume that the facts and arguments presented to the readers of THE STANDARD are those which he has presented or will present to the congress of the United States. His letter therefore merits more than ordinary consideration.

In one particular we must correct Mr. Scott's statement of facts. He assumes that we real free traders are willing to reduce the wages of laborers, and that we are anxious to reduce the profits of capitalists. In both assumptions he is mistaken. We want to see the wages of laborers not at all diminished, but very largely increased; we want to see the earnings of capital in no way lessened, but very much augmented. We advocate the entire freedom of trade because we are satisfied that it will produce these results. We advocate the partial free trade which will follow the abolition of all custom houses and import taxes because we believe that it is a first and necessary step toward absolute freedom, and that, being a step in the right direction, it will necessarily benefit both laborers and capitalists. With this preliminary clearing of the ground, we proceed to the consideration of Mr. Scott's letter.

We are quite willing to admit that if protection is a good thing we cannot have too much of it. If the duty on sheet iron really is the reason why workmen in our sheet iron mills earn wages instead of standing idle, and why the capitalists who own the mills and machinery find profitable employment for their capital instead of letting that stand idle—if these things are so, then we are quite willing to concede, not only that the duty on tin plates should be raised to the level of the duty on sheet iron, but that the duties on tin plates, sheet iron and everything else, from Chinese tea to African peanuts, should be raised to the point of absolute prohibition, in order that all American workmen and all American capitalists may share the good fortune of the workmen and capitalists who make sheet iron.

But we deny that these things are so. We say that Mr. Scott, as a capitalist, and his workmen, as laborers, would all be a great deal better off if there were no duties on tin plates, or sheet iron, or anything else; and we would, instead of increasing the duty on tin plates, sweep it out of existence altogether, not because we claim to have discovered any flaw in Mr. Scott's argument, but because we hold that the postulate on which he builds his argument is altogether false.

Mr. Scott tells us that many sheet iron mills are idle, and that many others are wrecked, and their machinery is being sold for one-quarter to one-fifth of its value. Evidently the sheet iron industry is not in a prosperous condition. We admit that *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* is no argument, and we do not ask Mr. Scott to accept this state of things as evidence of the way in which protection blights and ruins industry. But on the other hand, he must not ask us to accept it as evidence that more protection is needed. It simply shows that protection, as far as it has been tried, is not a success. Mr. Scott, of course, may claim that it is only by virtue of protection that there is any sheet iron industry left at all. But that would be pure assumption on his part; and the lamentable condition of the sheet iron trade would be no more evidence in support of it than would be the fact that a man was struck by lightning. To determine whether protection aids or hinders capital and labor, we must dig deeper down.

Begin at the beginning: There being no protective duty on sheet iron, but other

things being as they are, let us suppose that Mr. Scott engages in the business of making sheet iron. Having erected his mills, he engages laborers and goes to work. His expenses of manufacture are for labor, and—we quote the words of his letter—"for pig iron, scrap iron, freights, insurance, fuel, and the usual costs of operation, breakages and delays." The difference between the total of these expenses and the price he gets for his sheet iron constitutes his own wages and the profits of his capital.

But when Mr. Scott puts his finished sheet iron on the market he finds he comes into competition with imported goods offered at a price that he cannot meet without more than wiping out his own wages and profits. Something must be done. Expenses must be reduced somehow or the mill must stop. He gets his freight, insurance, breakage and other minor expenses down to the lowest possible point, and still there is a chasm to be bridged.

Mr. Scott declines to consider any reduction of wages. There remains the raw material of his business—the pig iron. He must get that at a lower price.

Now, when Mr. Scott goes to the pig iron furnace he finds the iron men would be very glad indeed to sell him at a lower price if they could afford to. But they have to buy their ore and buy their coal, and unless they can secure these raw materials at lower figures they can make no reduction in the price of their product.

Mr. Scott goes on to the producers of iron ore and coal, and here he comes at last face to face with the men who own the earth. He finds them ensconced within a double wall—a little wall of protective duty on pig iron and coal and a giant rampart of private land ownership. All about them rise the everlasting hills, stored full with coal and iron ore; the market place is full of idle miners. Mr. Scott need not raise his hand to have a thousand men digging into the hills and snatching out coal and ore at a cost which would enable the pig iron men to give him his raw material at a quite sufficient reduction in price. It would be like the old rhyme, when the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, and so on through the whole chain of recalcitrants, until the pig began to go, and the old woman toddled safely homeward. Mr. Scott would be back at his sheet iron mill again, putting in new machinery, raising wages, employing fresh hands and bundling the intruding British sheet iron man neck and crop out of the country.

But alas! Mr. Scott may raise his hand, and the idle miners may spring forward with their picks and drills; but the landlord bars the way, and bids them hold! "These hills," he cries, "are mine. God made them, but I own them!" And so the butcher finds that he can't kill the ox, and the old woman goes on ward with her pig, and the moonlight shortens into midnight, and still she can't get home.

What now shall Mr. Scott do? He must bridge the chasm, or the sheet iron industry must die. He takes a leaf out of the mine owner's book, and presents himself to congress as a suppliant for protection—an American claiming help because he is afraid of an Englishman—a pitiable spectacle, truly! How much protection? Well, seventy-five per cent will do. So thenceforward any man who dares buy sheet iron from an Englishman is punished by a fine of three-quarters of its value, and Mr. Scott goes back to his sheet iron mill contented.

What follows? Just what might be expected. Mr. Scott's mill begins to pay large profits. Other capitalists hasten to build other mills and manufacture more sheet iron. There is a margin for competition, and the price of sheet iron falls, and falls, until it reaches a point at which it will just pay to manufacture it. Meantime the demand for sheet iron has been inevitably lessened by the enhanced price. People who might have used it put up with some inferior but cheaper substitute, or use nothing at all. There is a stagnant market—Mr. Scott would say there had been an over production—and then there are "so many mills idle. . . so many wrecked and their machinery sold for one-quarter to one-fifth its value." This is precisely the condition in which the iron roofing manufacturers find themselves to-day. We have Mr. Scott's own word for it. And now observe how they propose to get out of their difficulty.

Tin plates are made by coating sheet iron with a film of tin. We use a great many of them in the United States—not as many as we should if we were allowed to buy them without being fined for it—but still an enormous quantity. Last year we imported 572,220,397 pounds of them, which we might have got, according to the treasury statistics, for \$16,910,890, but which really cost us \$5,722,203.97 more, because a paternal government fined us one cent a pound for all we used.

There are no tin plates made in this country, and right here is where Mr. Scott and the National iron roofing manufacturers' association see their chance. If they can only force the American people to make their own tin plates, they can start their idle mills again, and repair the mills that are wrecked, and buy back the machinery that is being sold for one-quarter to one-fifth its value. Because to make tin plates the American people must buy sheet iron. And not only this, but there are some purposes, such as roofing, for which sheet iron is the next best substitute for tin plates; so that if home made tin plates cost more than we can afford to pay for them for these purposes, we shall be compelled, perforce, to fall back on

sheet iron, and thus put money into the pockets of Mr. Scott and his fellow manufacturers anyhow.

And so the National iron roofing manufacturers' association coolly propose that we shall submit to an extra tariff tax of another cent a pound on tin plates so as practically to prohibit their importation and thus provide the roofing manufacturers with a market for their wares. This, they say, will set a large number of men to work at good wages, and thus stave off for a while longer the season of idle and wrecked mills, and machinery sold for one-quarter to one-fifth its value.

Well, if American industries are to be stimulated in this way, why should we stop at iron roofing? Why not go back to an older and more purely American industry—the making of shingles—and stimulate that? There are any quantity of cypress trees in the south and southwest, and plenty of people to cut them down and split them up. Why not enact that every man who sleeps under any other than a cypress shingle roof shall be fined \$10 a night? That would set ten men to work where the tax on tin plates would provide employment for one. Think of the business it would give our railroad lines, our canal boats and our teams! And then remember, too, that shingle roofs catch fire easily. There would be ten houses burnt down for every one that is destroyed by fire now, and all these would have to be rebuilt. Why, the whole country would be transformed into a perfect hive of industry. And then, by way of diversifying employments and helping the poor farmers out a little, we might enact that gourds should be used in place of tin dippers, under penalty of the law. A gourd is a very nice thing to drink out of—clean, wholesome, easily broken—by all means let us give the gourd industry a chance.

Mr. Scott will probably tell us that this sort of talk is all nonsense, and that it would be ridiculous and sinful to legislate one industry out of existence for the sake of establishing another and a less economical. But this is precisely the sort of thing that he himself is trying to do. He wants to destroy the business of the men who import tin plates. He wants to discourage the industries of the men who manufacture tin ware, or use tin ware in their business. He is perfectly careless whom he hurts, so long as he can force us to buy more of his darling sheet iron. If he wants to know specifically how any industry would be affected by the granting of his modest demand, we invite him to study this utterance of Mr. Shaw of Maryland, made in the house of representatives on April 25:

In a single county of the district I have the honor to represent in this house there were packed in the year 1882, and the business is much larger at present, 38,400,000 cans of hermetically sealed goods. This was the output of 300 factories, which gave employment to 16,000 persons. The product packed in that one county required 10,000 acres for tomatoes and 5,000 acres for corn, involving an outlay for agricultural labor of \$200,000. One hundred and thirty thousand boxes of tin were used in making the cans, and \$135,000 expended for labor, while a further expenditure of \$900,000 was required for the other processes of preparation. The 130,000 boxes of tin cost my people in tariff taxes in a single year \$171,633.

Will Mr. Scott pretend to say that if these Maryland canners were relieved of that tax of \$171,600 a year they couldn't sell more canned goods? Will he pretend to say that if the tax is doubled they will not sell less? Will he deny that by the time that tax reaches the consumer of the canned goods it is more than doubled in amount? Whichever way he answers these questions will be equally fatal to his plea for more protection.

The simple truth is that the demand of the sheet iron manufacturers that we shall give up buying tin plates abroad, that they may be able to sell us more sheet iron, is a piece of brazen effrontery worthy of the days when French seigneurs protected home industry by forcing every tenant to have his corn ground at the seigneur's mill. It is an impudent demand, for which there is absolutely no justification. Even if it were granted it would do the sheet iron industry no permanent good. For the same cycle would repeat itself—unnatural activity, fierce competition, diminished consumption, over production, mills idle, machinery sold for one-quarter to one-fifth its value, and back to congress again with another covering plea for protection against the dreadful Englishman. And let Mr. Scott observe this, that no matter how high he may pile the protection on his sheet iron, the point round which prices will range and below which the mills will begin to stand idle is not the price at which English sheet iron can be delivered in this country, plus the duty on sheet iron, BUT THE PRICE AT WHICH IT CAN BE DELIVERED, PLUS THE DUTY ON PIG IRON. If the sheet iron manufacturers could secure the protection they ask for, or ten times that protection, the only way in which they could long continue to enjoy its benefits would be by pooling their earnings and limiting their production—in other words, by forming one of those trusts which Mr. Scott assures us have no existence in the sheet iron trade. It is the landlord's wall that Mr. Scott is strengthening, not the rampart of his own business. Profits of capital sink to nothing—wages fall to mere subsistence—mills are wrecked and workmen driven forth as straws. But the landlord in his majesty stands firm—firm as the everlasting hills he impudently believes God made for him, and him alone! It is not before Englishmen that Mr. Scott need crouch and from whom he needs protection. The

men who own the United States are his oppressors.

We want to pull down the outermost wall that shuts Mr. Scott off from access to the raw material of his production. Will he help us at the task? Or will he explain why he refuses?

MUNICIPAL HOME RULE.

A fresh illustration of the absurdity of the governmental relation between New York city and state has just been given us in the high license bill and the manner of its passage. The measure itself may be a good one, although the reasons have already been stated in THE STANDARD why in this, as in all other things, absolute freedom of trade is better than any restriction. But since it was confessedly designed to regulate the liquor traffic in New York city especially, surely the people of this city, through their representatives, are the best persons to decide the mode of regulation. Yet the city delegation in the legislature has been almost solidly against the bill, its only support from here coming from the men elected by the little strip of "brown stone" that arrogates to itself possession of all the wisdom and virtue of the metropolis. It is easy to say that the rum-sellers control the primaries, and it is true, to a great extent; but politics are no purer in the Eleventh and the Twenty-first assembly districts than in the Twelfth or the Twenty-third. The plain fact is that, right or wrong, the great majority of the people in this city do not approve of high license; and in a republican government the majority should rule. Our morals may be bad, but we have a right to manage our own affairs according to our own standard of morality, good or bad; and it is an outrage that, even if apparently necessary, it should be possible to call in the aid of constituencies five hundred miles away. The population which is gathered around New York harbor is as distinct from the population of the Mohawk valley or the lake counties as that of any one state is from that of another. There can be no good reason why Manhattan island should be governed from Albany any more than from Hartford or Trenton; and if we see fit to have Albany it is to a great extent because of the wretched habit of dependence upon outside interference to which we have accustomed ourselves. A community only learns self control from the sense of responsibility; can only gain political as well as economic strength from freedom; and if this great community, which has spread out around the city hall, obliterating state as well as municipal lines in all except the arbitrary political arrangements, were set absolutely free of all superior power except that at Washington, it would not only gain the conveniences of home rule, but might also, perhaps, purify its politics in dignifying them.

AN AMERICAN EVICTION.

James City is a town of about two thousand inhabitants, situated on the Trent river, opposite the city of Newberne, in the state of North Carolina. It is a town of negroes, only two white people among the whole population. The inhabitants are said to be fairly industrious and frugal. They find employment in Newberne as waiters, servants, washerwomen, longshoremen, etc., and earn sufficient wages for their comfortable support. Until a short time ago they were a very happy and contented set of people. But of late a change has come over them. They have flagrantly wronged a fellow man, and are beginning to find out that the way of the transgressor is hard. They have done evil, and now they are likely to be called upon to suffer for it. The story of the wrong doing is interesting and instructive. The New York Herald tells it in a recent issue, and from the Herald's columns we condense it for the readers of THE STANDARD:

The wickedness commenced away back in 1862, when the Union forces were in possession of Newberne and the circumjacent country. A promiscuous lot of negroes, male and female, old and young, came flocking into Newberne, looking for freedom under the Stars and Stripes. They didn't come by single spies, but in regular battalions. There were thousands upon thousands of them. General Foster was puzzled what to do with them. Many enlisted in the army—others were employed in constructing fortifications—but still there remained a very considerable number, for whom something had to be done. That was when the wickedness began. There was a sand ridge on the south side of the Trent river, known as Kimball's hill. Nobody lived on it, nobody was using it, nobody cared whether anybody else used it or not. General Foster transferred the surplus negroes to this sand ridge, built them a lot of slab houses, and furnished them rations until they were able to provide for themselves.

In this way James City was founded. The negroes stuck there, and when the war was over and southern commerce began to revive they found work, as before recited, along the wharves and in the houses of Newberne, and became a happy and contented lot of citizens. But during all this time the James City negroes were wronging one of their fellow men—the owner, namely, of the sand ridge on which James City stands. We all know the old proverb about the mills of the gods and about Nemesis, and now, the Herald tells us, the James Cityites are going to learn something about them experimentally. For the owner of Kimball's hill comes forward and says he's very sorry to inconvenience anybody, but he'd like to have his hill, which the unprincipled colored men have been using for pretty

near a generation. He is a rich man, this owner of Kimball's Hill, and his name is James A. Bryan. This is what he said to the representative of the Herald who interviewed him:

I don't wish to disturb the negroes. I would sell them the property if they could purchase it, with the exception of the river front. That is so valuable that it would be utterly beyond the ability of the negroes or any friends of theirs to purchase it.

On several occasions they have been very violent and almost riotous in their demonstrations when I or one of my agents visited the place to serve notices of suit, or even to talk to them quietly about the matter. At such times I have always shown them a determined front, and have given them to understand that I was armed and prepared to defend myself. This had a proper effect, and generally quieted them.

Everything there belongs to me, including the churches, houses, crops and all other improvements. Some of the houses there are worth from three or four hundred dollars upward to a thousand or two. Quite a nice little sum when you consider that there are nearly four hundred buildings over there. Suppose there was even a nominal rent on some of these fifty cents a month each, you can see that it would make a handsome income of some \$6,000 or \$7,000 a year.

And the most melancholy feature of the business is that the negroes, instead of quietly arranging to pay their rents and give up the river shore, pretend to think themselves ill used. They have issued an address, in which they say that the land was practically given to them by the United States authorities, that they have lived on it undisturbed for twenty years and have improved it from a sandy waste into a thriving little town with well cultivated gardens. And they claim that to take away their homes from them will be nothing short of confiscation.

After all, there is this to be said for these James City negroes—that it is a little ridiculous for us to refuse them the sympathy which, under similar circumstances, we extend to Irishmen so freely. If it is hard on the Irish tenant to be charged rent for his own improvements, it is just as hard on the James City negro to have to pay rent for the house and garden he has made himself. It will scarcely do to have one kind of moral law for white men in Ireland, and another for black men in North Carolina. Either the Irish tenant who declines to be evicted is guilty of a crime, or the James City tenant who refuses to vacate his house is innocent of wrong. Perhaps after all, when God bade the waves wash up from ocean's depths the sands of Kimball's hill He may not have been thinking solely of providing a way for Mr. James A. Bryan to live on other people's work.

Chicago is to have an elevated railroad. She has granted to the Chicago and South Side rapid transit railroad company the right to construct and operate an elevated railroad within the municipal limits, and to secure by purchase or condemnation, and to own, a right of way thirty feet in width along its entire route, except where intervening streets are crossed—greater widths being permitted where needed for stations. The company proposes to commence building at once, and is offering its stock and bonds for sale in Chicago, New York and Boston, the stock at ninety per cent of its par value, and the bonds, bearing six per cent interest, at 110.

It is said, and doubtless with truth, that the grant of the franchise is accompanied with conditions which will secure the most approved form of elevated structure, both for safety and permanence and the latest and best mode of equipment and operation. Three tracks are provided for, the third to be erected when the demands of rapid transit shall require it. This third track will permit the running of express trains at high rates of speed, so as to bring the suburban portion of Chicago within easy reach of the business center of the city.

In commending these securities to the public, the promoters of the new company hold out the most glittering prospects, and predict that within a short time their shares will be selling at three times their face value. They instance the City cable company, whose shares have appreciated to that extent, and whose route, as they announce with the emphasis of italics, will be paralleled and divided by the new elevated structure.

What does all this mean when translated into plain English? Simply that the people of Chicago have bestowed upon a private corporation a franchise whose value will within a short time far surpass that of the material structure employed in operating it—a taxing power which may be expected to grow with years, and to whose ultimate proportions no limit can be assigned.

And this is the least of the evil things that Chicago has recklessly done in this matter. Even before the new road is completed land values in the suburb to which it runs will begin to move upward with a velocity which will increase as the road draws nearer and nearer completion. Men who have gone there in search of homes within the limit of their means will find themselves compelled to move wearily farther on. The mansion and the tenement house will replace the cottage with its garden. The men who own Chicago will levy heavier taxes on the people who live in Chicago, and the statisticians, computing the value of the vacant lots, will tell in figures how much the elevated roads have added to Chicago's wealth.

The chance of making money that the Chicago and South Side rapid transit company offer to investors in their securities is very tempting. They will probably have little trouble in disposing of their stock and

bonds. But shrewd investors, who understand the true inwardness of things, will neglect the offers of the railroad company, and secure a mortgage on the labor of Chicago's children yet unborn by buying some of the land, for the mere privilege of living and working on which these children, grown into men and women, will be forced to surrender a goodly portion of their earnings.

FORESTRY IN FRANCE.

How a Great National Trust is Administered—A Lesson for Americans.

France has nearly 7,500,000 acres of forest, one-third of which is the property of the state, while the remainder belongs to communes and public establishments. The forests are not used as game preserves, but administered on scientific principles, to secure the greatest possible supply of timber, firewood, etc., without waste or denudation of the soil. The French forests are first divided into cantonnements, and then into about 500 inspections. In each inspection there is an inspector, a garde general and brigadier. Then come the conservations. There are thirty-five conservations. Over each there is a conservator, who has generally an assistant. Next we have the inspector general, of which there are six. Each region has an inspector general. To unite and manage the whole is the central administration, which is attached to the ministry of agriculture, and under the charge of a general director. Besides these various grades of officials to look after the forest in a general way, there is a special service des aménagements, and what is more important, a special service of re-afforestation.

The great training establishment is the celebrated National forestry school at Nancy, which has been in existence for over half a century. Here instruction is given regarding the culture and management of trees, in natural history, particularly as regards birds and the insects which infest trees, mineralogy, applied mathematics, administrative law, political economy, agriculture in its relation to forests, German and military drill. The school is supplied with an excellent staff of professors, and the instruction is essentially practical. The students are taken for excursions frequently, under their professors, to the forests of the Vosges, Jura, and Fontainebleau. Students must be between eighteen and twenty when they enter. There is an entrance examination, but favor is given to scholars of the Polytechnic and the National agronomic institute. The studies last two years, and the students pay 1,500 franc a year, besides an entrance fee for uniform, bedding, etc. There is a secondary school in France where a two years' course of instruction is given, and also an elementary school which supplies a simple course of eleven months. Then in addition to this, instruction is given in forestry at each of the numerous agricultural schools in the country, though not for the purpose of training officials.

Having finished his studies the young forester enters the service as a garde general stagiaire under an inspector, in order to get initiated into the business, and receives 1,500 franc a year. When he becomes a full garde general he earns from 2,000 to 2,600 franc and is allowed expenses. The under inspectors receive from 3,000 to 3,800 franc; the inspectors, from 4,000 to 6,000 franc; conservators, 8,000 to 12,000 franc; inspectors-general, 12,000 to 15,000 franc, and the director, 18,000 franc. A forestry official's lot is a very enjoyable one. He has not hard work; he has plenty of exercise in the open air, and he rides about comfortably on horse back.

The farmers in France are not deprived of the use of the forests. Only the other day M. Gabe, the director of forests, issued a circular urging the conservateurs to see that the farmers' stock got access to the forests in their communes, as the drought had made ordinary forage scarce. In the cases where the communes did not possess any wood lands the state forests were to be put at the disposal of the farmers.

The annual yield of the forests in France is over 35,000,000 franc, more than half of which is profit.

Educating Their Men.

RICHMOND, Va.—Land and labor club No. 1 is holding regular meetings and increasing its membership. Our only condition to membership at present is that the applicant shall read "Progress and Poverty" through. We find that this causes many to read the work that would not otherwise do so. Our work at present is purely educational. We propose to excite thought by a free circulation of our literature.

William M. Ivins' "Machine Politics" sells like "hot cakes," and is making an impression. We too have a political machine in this city.

JOHN T. CHAPPELL, Sec.

The Standard Oil Company's Latest Enterprise.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The Standard oil company is actively at work—or to speak more accurately, has a lot of men actively at work for it—building a pipe line from the oil region around Lima, Ohio, to this city. The line, including right of way, will cost about two and a quarter millions of dollars. The Standard company has secured control of all the oil land about Lima, and when the pipe line is completed will be in a position to furnish Chicago with crude oil for fuel and to tax her industries pretty heavily for doing so.

Hurrah for Protection!

The Wilkesbarre, Pa., axle works has notified its one thousand employees of a reduction in wages, ranging from ten to forty per cent, to go into effect May 1. Cause, over production—the other protected fellows can't afford to buy axles.

Reducing Duties Will Not Reduce Wages.

Congressman Bynum's Speech. Will a reduction of duties necessarily cause a reduction of wages? No greater fallacy was ever asserted. Labor does not receive all or any great portion of the protection given by the present laws. The price upon cotton goods runs from 42.30 per cent to 73.31 per cent, and yet the labor cost in these manufactures only runs from 12.57 per cent to 37 per cent. The protection on woolen goods runs from 52.07 per cent to 89.94 per cent, and yet the labor cost in these manufactures only runs from 16.36 per cent to 31.25 per cent.

Wages neither rise above nor fall below the standard. The standard is not fixed by the manufacturers in proportion to the rate of duties imposed, but is fixed by the prices paid in all the avocations and by the opportunities in independent pursuits.

An Infant Industry That Seems to Be Growing.

New York Times. A trade journal in the course of some remarks about the spring trade in puts, says: "Lined oil, which is a very important item, has advanced sixteen cents per gallon, and is now selling for fifty-six cents against forty cents a year ago." This advance of forty per cent has been caused by the National Inseed oil trust, an organization formed upon the plan of the sugar trust and the cotton seed oil trust. A tariff duty of twenty-five cents a gallon (equivalent to fifty-four per cent) has raised this ring to exact so large a tax from consumers.

MEN AND THINGS.

Mr. Brewer of Michigan seems to think New Jersey a sort of American Sahara, and evidently has never heard that farms in New England can often be bought for less than the cost of the improvements on them. Massachusetts potatoes and New Jersey vegetables are what Mr. Brewer talks about in congress—as, being from Michigan, he naturally would.

It is our protective tariff which has largely built up our varied industries, and which has tended to make us the most prosperous nation in the world. A protective tariff tends to aid and build up all our industries, to bring the producer and consumer nearer together, and thereby largely save the cost of transportation. This has made more valuable the farm and given a better market for its products. This is what has made lands near our large cities more valuable than those more distant. This is why the lands in rough and rocky New England and in sterile New Jersey are more valuable than our fertile lands in Michigan and Minnesota. Every farmer knows well that he cannot send to foreign lands his potatoes, vegetables, and many other things which he grows upon the farm, and that he must rely upon the home market for the same. Hence it is all important that he should feel a deep interest in the building up of manufacturing towns and cities near his home, where he can market his surplus productions.

This is all very fine, and would carry conviction to the most skeptical; but unfortunately Browne of Indiana, another protectionist statesman, had to go to work and say that the trouble with the farmers is that they "can't afford to sell their potatoes and things cheap enough to command the trade of the protected consumers, notwithstanding the saving in the cost of transportation." He tells us:

The fruits of the garden and the form come across the ocean and enter our markets and in competition with us. Cabbages come to us from Holland; potatoes from Scotland, Nova Scotia and Canada; rice from Canada; peas, beans, hay and eggs from Denmark and Norway; onions from Spain and Egypt; tobacco from Sumatra; wool from South America, South Africa, Australia and elsewhere, and cattle from Mexico.

We have imported 700,000 bushels of potatoes in a single month, and over 18,000,000 dozens of eggs in one year. Canada sells 3,000,000 bushels of rye in our markets annually, and last year our imports of food products, exclusive of sugar, tea, coffee and tobacco, were valued at over \$57,000,000.

And so good Mr. Browne wants a lot more protection on the potatoes and eggs and cabbages and all the rest of them, so that the farmers, by having a protected home market for their produce, may be able to buy their blankets and clothing and plows and other things from the protected manufacturers, and thus keep their home market going.

It's queer, though, that manufacturers and farmers should both need protection. Is it possible that an American citizen can do nothing but twiddle his thumbs without assistance from the government?

The *National Builder* has been collecting some statistics on the subject of wages in the building trades, and discovers some curious variations in the earnings of labor. Pressed brick makers, for example, receive \$4.50 a day in Kansas City, Mo.; \$6 in Portland, Ore.; \$5 in Boston, \$4.80 (eight hours) in Chicago, \$4.50 in Cincinnati, \$3.75 in Jacksonville, Fla., and \$3.50 in Richmond, Va. Carpenters receive \$3.50 a day in New York, \$3 in Boston, \$2.50 in Richmond, \$2.25 in Buffalo and \$2 in Detroit. There is a like variance in the rates of wages in different cities in all branches of the building trade. Common laborers receive \$2.25 a day in Chicago and Salt Lake City, \$1.75 in Philadelphia and Boston, \$1.50 in Richmond, \$1.25 in Jacksonville and \$1 in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Figures like this will give the protectionists some trouble, or would do so, if facts could ever trouble a protectionist. If it is the blessed tariff that secures the mason \$6.50 in Kansas City, why doesn't it do as much for his brother in Detroit?

The Sands street Methodist church is a religious organization established in 1794, in the then insignificant village of Brooklyn. The purpose of its founders was to provide a building in which they might worship God after their own fashion, and a burying ground in which their dead might peacefully await the summons to the resurrection. So they bought a piece of land for a modest price, and for years thereafter the Sands street church was a flourishing institution.

But now, in 1888, the land has ceased to be of use to the Sands street congregation. Brooklyn has grown from a village to a giant city. The tide of business has risen around the Sands street church and forced its congregation to move to considerable distances. The land that once was useful for church and church yard is now suited only for warehouses and shops. The church must move away. It can't afford to stay where it is.

One would think that under these circumstances the Sands street congregation would thank the people of Brooklyn for allowing them to use that piece of land so long, apologize for not vacating it sooner, and offer in a Christian spirit to pay any expenses connected with the preparation of the ground for business use. But they haven't done anything of the sort. On the contrary, they have sold the land for a round sum, boxed up the bones in the church yard and transferred them to the Evergreens cemetery, and moved away to another neighborhood, where the same land speculating process will begin again.

The Sands street congregation would be horrified if anybody accused them of being a state church, supported at the public expense. Yet that is precisely what they are.

The assembly at Albany has passed the bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for the improvement of the state canals, and unless the senate persists in its determination to have as little money as possible spent under the direction of a democratic official, the improvements will stand a chance of being carried so far along next winter as to make them available in 1889.

On the face of things it would seem folly to reduce the appropriation. For the improvements are of such a kind that until they are completed they will be of no

service. The length of the shortest lock determines the available lockage length of the whole canal; and so long as a single lock is left unlengthened the lengthening of all the rest is practically useless. It is as easy to work on fifty locks at once as on two; if all the money necessary is provided at this session of the legislature, the work of improvement can easily be finished by the time navigation opens next year.

The republican legislators who oppose the appropriation do not deny this. But this is a presidential year; and although it will be impossible to do any work on the canal improvements until after election day, still they have an uneasy feeling that the wicked democrats will whip the devil round the stump somehow, and make the spending of that million dollars do good campaign service in one way or another. They would scorn to do anything of the kind themselves—that goes without saying—but of course the democrats are different. And the device of it is, that a great many men, who are only voters and not politicians, are obliged to admit that the republicans may be half way right. They have an undefined idea that somehow that million may do campaign service—not because the men who will have the spending of it are democrats, but because they are politicians.

The wrangle over the canal appropriation bill is a melancholy commentary on our political system. After all our investigating committees, and citizens' movements, and purifying panaceas of one kind and another, about the best we can say for the men who make and administer our laws seems to be that they haven't been found out yet. And the worst of it is that charges of corruption of one kind or another have become so frequent that it no longer hurts a man's reputation much to be accused of some specific act of malfeasance. "He's no worse than the rest," or "they say those sort of things about all public men," are frequent comments.

We don't need to look very far to find the reason for this. In every vocation the prize of wealth falls to the man who is smart enough to be dishonest without being found out—to get round the law without breaking it. The greed of riches is stimulated by precept and example and by the dread of poverty; and the various roads to riches are made hard, save that which trespasses on the rights of other men. Our politicians are the fruit, less of our political than of our social system. To secure honest legislators we must make it possible for men to be honest without incurring the penalty of poverty.

The legislature at Albany seems likely to do something to put an end to the Manhattan elevated railroad using its stations as stands for the sale of newspapers, books and fancy goods. As matters are at present the company rents out to another corporation a valuable franchise, to which it has itself no title whatever. The use of the streets was granted to the elevated companies for the operating of their roads, and for no other purpose. The newsdealers whose business is injured by the competition of the Manhattan news company are active in the matter and hopeful of success.

The opposition to the Brundage tax bill is an unconscious homage paid to the principle of the single tax by some of its bitterest opponents. The Brundage bill proposes simply to carry into effect the ordinarily received principles of taxation. Only that and nothing more. The only ground on which pro-poor theorists can logically oppose it is that it may possibly be executed. It provides for precisely that system of taxation which they are never tired of saying is the only correct system.

If it is right to tax a man's house, it is certainly right to tax his watch, and his carriage, and his service of silver plate. If it is right to make a man pay tax on the house he buys outright, it is surely right to tax him for the house on which he holds a mortgage. If it be replied that to tax mortgages will prevent men from lending money on mortgage, the reply is ready that to tax houses prevents men from building houses. Any tax on industry will tend to check that industry. We all know that, though a great many of us are chary of admitting it.

The energy of the antagonism to the Brundage bill is prophetic of the triumph of the single tax on land values. One by one the various tax systems that throttle industry are being fiercely attacked, put upon their defense and found wanting. With Mr. Kelley displaying the hollowness of the protection theory in congress, and Mr. Brundage holding up the personal property tax for exhibition at Albany, men are daily more and more inclined to turn their gaze toward the only taxing system that fosters industry instead of choking it, and develops wealth instead of poverty.

At a recent sale of ferry franchises in this city the franchise of the Houston street ferry was sold for five years for \$5,000 a year; the franchise of the Cortlandt street ferry for ten years for \$10,000, and the Desbrosses street ferry, ten years, for \$7,000 a year. The Cortlandt street and Desbrosses street ferries, besides paying the rental in cash, are obliged to allow the city the use of their boats for extinguishing fires along the river front and to carry an equipment of hose for that purpose.

That was a pleasant little speech of a real estate operator to a representative of the New York Herald. The two were discussing the so called "depression" in city real estate. "Let those who talk of depression," said this man who knew whereof he spoke, "try to buy a piece of real estate, either improved or unimproved, and he will find that the value of land has not decreased. I know that some houses have sold very cheaply, but that does not affect the value of the land upon which they stand. A shrewd buyer does not consider what are called improvements; he looks at the value of the land itself."

Exactly. The improvements are a minor matter; it is the land that has the value. Yet the improvements, which are the result of individual industry, are discouraged by heavy taxation; while the land values, that result from the work and pressure of

the whole community, are practically untaxed.

The guiding principle of an Irish faction is, when you see a head hit it. The chief canon of the modern taxation system is of much the same order: when you see an industry tax it.

The legislature of the state of Texas, in pursuance of this rule, are meditating the taxation of base ball clubs. Base ball clubs make lots of money and need plenty of police protection—especially to the umpire. Therefore base ball clubs ought to be taxed. There is no argument that can be adduced in favor of taxing houses and barns that will not equally apply to the taxation of base ball clubs. If one is made to pay, the other certainly should not be let go free.

The Austin Statesman, however, doesn't believe in taxing base ball clubs. It entrusts the legislature not to think of such a thing. It says:

If the legislature desires to kill off this only summer sport known in Texas, to cut short what will prove a beneficial rivalry and intercourse between the five leading cities of Texas, then it could not pursue a more direct or certain course. This matter has not been looked at in its true light, by those members of the legislature who propose to do this tax act. When it is known that such a procedure means the end of this amusement, we think the legislature will take the liberal view that the state does not want any such thing done.

The Statesman evidently wants to see base ball flourish in Texas and knows just what must be done to encourage it. Quite as evidently the Statesman isn't particularly anxious for the increase of houses and barns and horses and cattle and sheep and those sort of things, for it doesn't utter a word of protest against their taxation, but lets the legislature go on discouraging them in the same good old fashioned way.

How much interest the American people are taking in the tariff discussion is evidenced by the demand for public documents relating to the question. Of the president's message a million and a half of copies have been distributed, and Mr. Mill's speech has already reached a circulation of 160,000, with a rapidly rising demand.

On the other hand, only forty thousand copies of Mr. Kelley's speech have been called for, notwithstanding its vaunted effectiveness in exploding the free trade theory. There is a suspicion however, that the wiser heads among the protectionists look on the Kelley oration as rather a dangerous document to circulate.

A convention, at which representatives were present from eleven states, was held at Hot Springs, N. C., last week, for the purpose of devising measures for promoting immigration to the south. There was a good deal of enthusiasm and some very practical work and talk. It was decided to form an immigrant association, with headquarters at New York, and to request subscriptions from the various southern cities, counties and towns to pay the necessary expenses. The association expects to be in working order, with plenty of money at its command, by the first of July.

The object of this movement, of course, is to benefit the people who now live in the southern states. Whatever advantages may be offered to the immigrants will not be offered from pure philanthropy, but simply to induce them to come. But unless the association wants to see its purpose defeated, it will warn the southern people to make haste and buy each man some of his country before the immigration begins, and on no account to be in a hurry to sell it. There is many a southern family living in comfort and happiness to-day that will be broken up and crushed into poverty if there comes an inrush of immigration into the south. Lands will rise in value, fences will be built higher and higher, and the unfortunate landless ones, be they native or foreign, will be driven to compete for the privilege of work, and failing to obtain it, will have no refuge but the poorhouse.

New York is far from being a thickly settled state. There is plenty of uncultivated land within her borders—plenty of natural opportunities lying idle. Yet thousands upon thousands of New Yorkers, by birth and descent, have been forced to leave their native state simply because they can't afford to pay for the privilege of living there. If the southern people are not careful they will find themselves as badly off as the New Yorkers.

When Canada went into business as a dominion she was burdened with a debt of \$75,000,000, against which she might fairly set public works estimated to be worth \$17,000,000. Now she has a debt of \$273,000,000, and the value of her public works has only risen to \$45,000,000. Her exports have fallen from \$102,000,000 in 1882 to \$88,000,000 in 1887, and her imports from \$132,000,000 to \$105,000,000. The immigrants that land on her shores are mostly bound for the United States, and the most enterprising of her young men are swarming into this country. Speaking generally, Canada seems to be in a pretty bad way.

The simple truth is that Canada has been trying the protective plan, without being strong enough to bear it. We of the United States have the compensating advantage of free trade with 60,000,000 people to set against the burden of the tariff; but poor Canada has practically all protection and no free trade. To appreciate the dominion's unfortunate condition we need only suppose the state of New York protected against all the other states and forbidding her citizens to trade with Philadelphia, Boston or Chicago, save under penalty of heavy fines. The only wonder is that Canada should have been able to stand it so long.

The Pine Lumber Pool.
The pine lumber pool has succeeded during the past year in advancing the price of lumber \$12 to \$15 per thousand, on the ground of high shipping rates and increased wages. The grounds for the advance are trivial, as the wages of the men are only \$5 more per month and the remaining expenses of the vessels are no greater. The pool, which has adopted all the methods of newly invented trusts, has simply made the people of California pay out one-half as much more for their lumber. It controls ships and mills, and regulates the prices of pine lumber to suit itself.

Congressman Ryan's Speech.

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THE CHICAGO CONFERENCE.

Letter from W. W. Bailey.

CHICAGO, April 29.—I wish to say, in behalf of the provisional committee of the national single tax conference, that affairs are progressing favorably and that indications point to a notable gathering on the Fourth of July in this splendid city.

The committee has been hampered in its operations by the fact that its members are men who have very little leisure, and so what has been done has been accomplished under disadvantages which all our friends who work for their living will readily appreciate. I can say, however, that the somewhat bulky correspondence has been attended to pretty thoroughly, that a good local committee has been set to work, that the necessary funds are being subscribed, that reduced railroad rates from every part of the country are being arranged, and that outside interest, notably among the newspapers, is developing under the stimulus of this event, which promises to be historic.

It is the discussion which will precede and follow the conference, in the increased activity of our friends everywhere by reason of the interest which they must feel in the first national meeting of men whose object it will be to promote the spread of the single tax doctrine, that my great hope lies. I do not care so much for what the conference does in the way of resolutions and resolves. I do care that it shall set men to asking themselves what all these earnest men mean who travel for distances not to shout for a candidate, not to view with alarm or point of pride, but to devise a means whereby certain economic truths may be the more certainly and speedily diffused among the people—not among this class of people or that, but among the whole people, great and small, rich and poor, wise and foolish. Men are already wondering that such a novelty should be contemplated as a conference of persons who propose to abolish poverty by means of a single tax. What will those men do when they see the conference itself? Not a conference of men with long hair, dirty collars and green soaked hides, but of intelligent, well dressed, clean, sober and clean gentlemen, each of them, perhaps quite self supporting in a worldly way and each with a definite, solid, irrefragable idea of what he wants and how it may be had.

I confess that from a certain very definite dread of this business that fell upon me so unexpectedly I was not consulted before Mr. Williams sent out his circular proposing to saddle the duty upon me which I have since tried to discharge. I am coming to regard it with a great hope of success. I have solicited the advice and co-operation of such men as Judge Maguire, Mr. Ring, Mr. Custer, Mr. Adams, Martin Williams, Mr. Hanna and Mr. Atkinson, and they are entering cordially into the work which it is necessary to do, so I may be excused for gathering some enthusiasm as I go along, especially as the friends here at home—and they are increasing daily under the steady propaganda which is being maintained—are entering with zest into the work, confident of the great benefits which are certain to flow from a meeting of so much importance.

Already Mr. LaShelle, the excellent gentleman I was so fortunate as to get to act as secretary to the provisional committee, is receiving notifications from those who will be present. A delegation of thirty or more will come from Missouri. Indiana will send quite as many more. Illinois will have from fifty to a hundred. Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Michigan, Minnesota, Kentucky, Ohio, Wisconsin and New York are being heard from, and it is believed that the attendance will be worthy of so great an occasion.

I trust that every friend of the cause will feel it to be his duty to be present. Some sacrifices you can afford to make in a matter of such moment. It will be something to remember and be proud of that you shared in the work of the first great national meeting of true revenue reformers. Most of you will live to see this beneficent doctrine of ours practically applied. Most of you, God willing, will live to share in the benefits it will surely confer. It will be a glorious thing to tell your children that you were of that faithful band that gathered from widely separated points to begin the work whose results will be seen in happier homes, sweeter manners and purer laws. I could not miss it. I know were it to involve walking and ever so long a journey, and I am sure that the same spirit of devotion and hopefulness is everywhere the badge of those who have taken up the cross of the new crusade.

Then, friends, from Maine to California, from Minnesota to Texas, I bespeak and urge your co-operation, your earnest aid in making this conference not alone respectable, but commanding. Say to-day that you will be with us, and come, even if in coming you must deny yourselves as I and others of us have had to do. Come, and let us send out from this city by the lake so strong, so notable and so earnest a cry that all the country will hear it and give heed to the meaning. We can challenge the attention of press and public. It is sinful if we failed to do it.

W. W. BAILEY.

THE PROTECTIONIST VIEW OF IT.

The Absurdity of Free Trade Sentiment Pointed Out.
HOPE VALLEY, R. L.—Permit me to say a few words in favor of our splendid protective tariff system.

The great mistake that free traders make is the assumption that consumers have any rights that producers should respect. Free traders are also guilty of holding such erroneous ideas as that abundance is a greater blessing than scarcity; that the results of labor are of more importance than the efforts of labor; that dearthness is an evil; that cheapness is the poor man's luxury; and to clinch their arguments they emphatically claim that the chief end of man is not to pay taxes.

These assumptions are somewhat plausible, but have they practical value? Let us suppose all men willing to do unto each other as, under like circumstances, they would like to be done by. Society could then dispense with nine hundred and ninety-nine lawyers out of every one thousand. Now, every man who pins his faith to the gospel of Frye, Platt, Morrill & Co., will declare such a result very bad for lawyers. For this non-observance of the golden rule furnishes just so much protection to lawyers in furnishing them means of gaining a living. Protected lawyers, as consumers in their turn, give labor employment. The logical outcome of this view is, considered from the standpoint of orthodox protective policy, that the more wicked, fractious and quarrelsome men are, the more will the legal fraternity be protected.

The same kind of reasoning can be applied to ministers of religion and teachers of morality. If there were no sin or wrong doing in the world there would be no necessity for religious or moral teachers. As a protectionist I must confess that the wickedness and immorality of men is a good thing, for it gives many men and women employment in our churches and other ethical institutions.

Equally applicable is this reasoning to

education. If every person were a natural Solomon, our schools and colleges would go out of existence. It is therefore necessary, in order to protect college professors and school teachers, that ignorance shall prevail. I feel sure that iron and coal mine owners, lumber lords, the representatives of gigantic trusts, will agree with me in this respect.

Suppose that science should produce an unfailing remedy for all ailments and that the flesh is heir to, so that every one could be sure of living to ripe old age. Just consider what a terrible thing this would be. Of course free traders would say that such a discovery would be an inestimable boon to humanity—unless it should get into the hands of some trust—but the far-sighted protectionist would see it differently. For in the event of such a discovery the great question would be, What will keep doctors from starving? What will become of druggists and poor dog clerks? What will become of chemists who compound chemical substances, and the bottle makers who make bottles for patent medicines to be sold in, and the pill box manufacturer with his employees and all the old women who gather medicinal herbs for a living? The list would be greatly extended, showing the amount of suffering that would result from such a great discovery. If any one should try to answer these objections by referring to the accrued good to humanity, I, as a protectionist, should say, "Oh! that's nothing but a free trade argument. I don't go in for any inventions, improvement or discovery that will put our free American doctors on a level with the pauper doctors of Europe."

And so all inventions and improvements in tending to lessen labor and cheapen production are a curse. Take an extreme case: Suppose heaven should rain down thousands of loaves of bread into the streets. The starving poor might eat and be filled, but what a terrible thing it would be for the business interest of bake shops and restaurants. How we protectionists, with Senator Everts at our head, would fervently pray to be delivered from the grinding competition of heaven, in order that our baking establishments might be protected. Without protection verily life would not be worth living.

GEORGE H. HADLEY.

Oswego Men Active.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Pioneer land and labor club of this city is in a flourishing condition, and bids fair to become a power in the municipal affairs of our city and of our state government. We are gaining strength daily, and our meetings are well attended. Last fall we polled 671 votes for Henry George, and this spring, by indorsing certain candidates who were favorable to our principles, we succeeded in getting several single tax men elected to important offices. In order to spread the light we have decided to distribute copies of "Progress and Poverty" to all who will consent to read it, and we feel assured that good results will follow.

Our club recently sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr. John Sullivan, one of the founders of the Pioneer club, a staunch and zealous advocate of the doctrine of the single tax. He commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him. Peace to his ashes.

JAS. C. MURRAY, President,
160 West First Street.

No More Need to Hunt for Rubies.

Two years ago a process of making artificial rubies by fusing aluminate of lead with silica and adding a little chromium for coloring matter, was discovered. The stones were good although not so brilliant as the natural rubies, and it was not until the Paris syndicate of dealers in precious stones had declared they must be sold as artificial, that the trade in them was stopped. Since then a process has been perfected by Messrs. Freymy and Verneuil in France, whereby fluoride of barium is made to act upon aluminum, containing traces of bichromate of potassium. By this means rubies, rhomboidal in form, of the proper color, transparency and lustre which are as hard as the natural gems, and cut like topaz—indeed, absolutely perfect stones—are formed.

In the Face of Inevitable Tariff Reduction.

Among the industries which have just been projected are a steam grist mill at Ashton, Me.; corn factory, Cherryfield, Me.; iron foundry, Southington, Conn.; sugar mill, Topoka, Kan.; iron foundry, Orange, Mass.; rattle factory, Wakefield, Mass.; optical instrument mill, Southbridge, Mass.; pulp and paper mill, Augusta, Me.; coffin trimming works, Essex, Conn.; stocking mill, Manchester, N. H.; foundry, Mechanic Falls, Me.; paper mills, near Erying, Mass.; grist mill, McCook, Neb.; cooper factory, Portland, Me.; woolen mills, Delaware county, Pa.; a lumber developing company at Portland, Me.; a large steel manufacturing plant at Chicago with a capital of \$300,000; and a cotton yarn manufactory with a capital of \$200,000 at New Bedford, Mass.

Awakening Interest by Discussion.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 25.—Mr. John Salmon of the Baltimore anti-poverty society last night read a paper entitled "The Philosophy of the George movement," before a colored society called the Monumental literary and scientific association, at the Madison street Presbyterian church. Thirty minutes was allowed for the address and twenty minutes final summary, with ten minutes speeches free to all. There were about five hundred present and speeches were made by Messrs. Dixon, Deacon, Reed, Dr. Brown and Cummings of the association. Not a few converts were made and many became interested and went to hear more. We will follow this work up with a distribution of tracts.

L. T. JONES, Secretary.

Hold On, Land Owners, and the People Will Make Your Fortune.

An old New Yorker was asked what property was worth on the east side of Central park. "Well," said he, "it is quoted at a million dollars a block; but very few holders would sell at that figure. The truth is that those who hold on will be able in five years to get anything they ask for it—two, three, or five millions of dollars."

Personnel.

Albert Smith has not taken charge of the Brooklyn Free Press, as was reported.

M. Charles Floquet, the new French premier, is an old-time radical in politics. During the empire he was one of the thirteen prominent republicans prosecuted by the emperor. He entered the chamber of deputies in 1876, and voted for amnesty to the communists. In 1882 he was appointed prefect of the Seine, but was forced to resign because of his advocacy of local government for Paris.

S. Shimada, editor of the *Japanese Skin-bun*, or *Tokio Daily News*, has arrived at San Francisco on a tour of observation and study in this country. His paper is the free trade organ of Tokyo, and he is watching the progress of revenue reform in the United States with great interest. Mr. S. says the people of this country have no adequate conception of the immense progress made by Japan during the last twenty years.—*New York World*.

PEN, PASTE AND SCISSORS.

It is the Omaha Herald which believes that while the grumblers Matthew Arnold will be specially forgotten, his "Light of Asia" will be read decades hence.

A young man wants to know how he can get into the best New York society. He will have to stand on the line and wait for some of the noble 400 to die off.—*The Epoch*.

Norwich has a man who says the bridge across the Thames at New London is to be the biggest and best of a bridge. He has examined the plans and he declares that it will have five spans.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

The annual report of the city marshal says: "It has been our painful duty to lose by death two of our officers during the past year." The department ought to be relieved from such a duty immediately.—*Worcester Spy*.

The Oil City Derrick says that 53,000 petroleum wells have been driven in Pennsylvania and New York. The product sold for \$500,000,000, a profit of \$300,000,000. The exportation of the oil was 6,231,102,923 gallons.

Watch dials are now made by photography at a mere fraction of their former cost. They are used to be made of a bird's head. Now a hundred are made in the time formerly required to produce one, and each of the hundred is better than the one would have been.

The trade in birds for women's hats was so enormous last year that a single London dealer admitted that he sold two millions of every kind and color of a bird. He has examined the plans and he declares that it will have five spans.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

Heavy machinery is now run by artesian well power in a district of France, and the experience of the French shows that the deeper the well the greater the pressure and the higher the temperature. The famous Grenelle well, sunk to the depth of 1,800 feet, and flowing daily 500,000 gallons, has a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch, the water being also so hot that it is used for heating the hospitals.

The managers of the Reading iron works have got the protective principle down to a fine point. After keeping more than a thousand men idle for several months, on the ground that trade was dull, they have now permitted them to the square inch, the water being also so hot that it is used for heating the hospitals.

The all-pervading sense of dependence upon some one else which characterizes the office seeking class is illustrated by a sensation at the national capital. "Johnny," called out an anxious Washington mother, "jes' you stop flingin' snugs at them boys." "Why, ma?" demanded the young Philistine. "Beccos their pa's is your pa's indooence, 'n' if you go to throwin' snugs er bout a uth a job."—*Youth's Companion*.

A large party of officers and privates of the Honorable artillery company of London have applied for leave of absence to visit the United States this month, in order to be present at the 250th anniversary of the Ancient and honorable city of the city of Boston, that company being an offshoot of the London company. A large delegation from Boston attended the 350th anniversary of the London company last year.

The attention of the French academy of sciences has been drawn by M. Faye, the eminent astronomer, to the apparent geological law that the cooling of the terrestrial crust goes on more rapidly under the sea than with a land surface. From this he argues that the crust must thicken under oceans at a more rapid rate, and as this rise to a surface and disturbs the interior portions of the crust; in other words, to the formation of mountain chains.

Nearly a year ago some Japanese students at the university of California, impressed with modern republican ideas and institutions, and with our social economy, started a paper, the *Shin Yippoo*, for circulation in Japan. By it they expected to enlighten the countrymen and influence public opinion, and they criticised the Japanese government without reserve. But the project was nipped in the bud. New laws against the press brought the *Shin Yippoo* to a sudden end. The copies of it that could be found were seized and destroyed, and the paper was obliged to suspend.

There are between 15,000 and 16,000 school teachers in Michigan, about 4,000 male and 11,000 female. The average cost to the state for school teachers' wages is \$45.37 per month for males and \$31.45 for females. The total amount paid for teachers' wages in 1887 was, in round numbers, \$3,000,000. The value of school property of the state is estimated at \$12,714,590; number of children of school age 421,203. There are 7,018 school districts in the state, and the total sum expended for all school purposes throughout the state for 1887 was \$3,067,504.74.

A Jerusalem correspondent writes that the holy city is fast becoming again the city of the Jews. In 1850 there were not more than 5,000 Jews there; now there are more than 30,000. Recent Russian persecutions have led thousands to make their homes there, and although the Turkish government forbids all Jews who are not residents of Jerusalem to remain longer than a few days, yet a malicious application of bribes enables them to stay there as long as they please without molestation. Wealthy Jews have built hospitals and founded homes, and many of the refugees who have fled from the charity of their brethren.

A teacher of Mississippi colored folks has been taking notes of queer expressions that she has heard from her pupils and in meeting, and the *American Missionary* publishes them. Here are a few: "Go the great physicianer." "Use consecrated lye." "She is a crimples." "O Lord, give us good thinking faculties." "The meeting will be in the basin of the church." "O Lord, throw overboard all the load we're totin and the sins which upset us." "Jog them in remembrance of their vows." "I want her to resist me with the ironing." "I want all your money to buy a new dress." "There will be no respectable people in heaven. (God is no respecter of persons)." "I was much disconcerted." "It was said at the statement of this meeting." "I take care of him that is not of the church who have passed through many dark scenes and uncesses."

The big office buildings are creating a peculiar revolution down town. Old fashioned office buildings without elevators are in such poor demand that offices are very cheap, and with so few taken that the houses are being used as store rooms, work shops, and the like. In the new class of office buildings are taking in banks, insurance companies, tailors, barbers, saloons, restaurants, telegraph offices, men's stores, and, in short, are becoming little cities in themselves. Though some demand is made for the new buildings, the foot of floor surface, professional men who are ambitious feel that they must go into them. They complain about the prices, but the landlords, in turn, assert that the competition of the new buildings for big buildings, such as fire light, heat, elevators, floor cleaning and the rest, has reduced the price to five or six per cent. But most of the owners of the big buildings are corporations in business, and they have their own quarters free of rental.—*New York Sun*.

He Was an Out and Out Protectionist, and Lived on Other People's Work.

Western Man—Stranger, the place where you now stand, surrounded by solid blocks, palatial residences and tall spires, a few short months ago was only a hole in the ground.

God.

God.
 O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth copy, all motion guide
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating
 light!
 Thou only God—there is no God beside!
 Being above all things! Mighty One,
 Whom none can comprehend and none ex-
 ceed!
 Who dost exist with Thyself alone—
 Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er—
 Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
 May measure out the ocean deep—may count
 The sands of the sun's rays—but, God! for
 Thee
 There is no weight nor measure; none can
 mount
 Up to Thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark,
 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would
 try
 To trace Thy counsel, infinite and dark;
 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so
 high,
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First chaos, then existence—Lord! in Thee
 Eternity had its foundation; all
 Sprang forth from Thee—of light, joy, har-
 mony,
 Sole Origin—all life, all beauty Thine;
 The word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious!
 Great!

Light giving, life sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe sur-
 round
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death!
 As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
 So souls are born, so worlds spring forth from
 Thee.

And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the paeonies
 Of heaven's bright arm, glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy com-
 mand.

All glow with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them? Piles of crystal
 light—

A glorious company of golden streams—
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
 Sings light systems with their joyous beams!
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost—
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to
 Thee?

And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered
 host,
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimity thought,
 As but an atom in the balance weighed
 Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought
 Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light di-
 vine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom
 too;

Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew,
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew,
 Eager towards Thy presence—far in Thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
 I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—Thou art!
 Direct my understanding then to Thee:
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
 Though but an atom midst immensity,
 Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and
 earth—

On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their
 birth,
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me—
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is spirit—Deity!
 I can command the lightning, and am dust!
 A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god!
 Whence came I here, and how? so marvel-
 ously

Constructed and conceived! Unknown! This
 cloud
 Lives suavely through some higher energy;
 For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
 Created me! Thou source of life and good!
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 Over the abyss of death, and burst its way
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its source—O Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
 Thought worships our conceptions all of Thee,
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
 O! this alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
 Thus to Thy presence—Being wise and good!

Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

MY BUTCHER WOMAN AND
 MY GROCERY MAN.

My butcher woman sold out her fixtures
 and closed her store last month.

The lock out (or close up) was sudden.
 I had gone over to get a steak for supper,
 and, though I had noticed while crossing
 the street that the doors were closed, I
 did not suspect anything until I got in
 front of the store, when I saw that no
 meat was hanging on the hooks inside. I
 opened one of the doors and poked my
 head in and said: "What's the matter—
 closed up?"

The butcher woman's eldest boy was
 standing in the store, with his hands in
 his pockets, looking toward the street. He
 answered, "Yeah!"

It was only about the middle of April,
 and I didn't think the close up was for good,
 when there were fifteen days to run be-
 fore the first of May, so I said: "Run out
 of meat, probably. Be open to-morrow?"

"Naw!" answered the boy, still standing
 with his hands in his pockets; "mother
 says she's goin' to quit."

As no meat was to be got at that store,
 I went on down the avenue to another
 butcher store, got a steak and went home.

The next day I passed by the place again,
 and seeing the butcher woman inside I re-
 solved to gratify my curiosity and find out
 what this sudden closing up might mean.

So I stopped inside to have a talk. The
 butcher woman was not at all secretive.
 In fact, she was rather anxious to talk
 than otherwise. Part of her story I knew
 already. Now I learned the sequel, and
 understood her business history from be-
 ginning to end. It's a very commonplace
 every day sort of a story, but still it has its
 interest.

My butcher woman wasn't always a
 butcher woman. When first the little store
 was opened she was a butcher's wife. It
 is only of late years that things have been
 reversed, and the man she married has be-
 come a butcher woman's husband. There
 are people living in the neighborhood who,
 if you ask them how the change has come

about, will tell you that it's all the butcher's
 fault. He was a good for nothing
 fellow, who neglected his business, took
 to drink, and has had to suffer the usual
 consequences. If he had been sober,
 frugal and hard working, he might have
 got along well enough. That is the ver-
 dict of the world on the poor butcher. It
 may be yours, too. But don't give it till
 you have read his story.

Fifteen years ago the butcher opened
 the store that my butcher woman closed
 last month. The neighborhood was not
 so thickly settled then as now; but, on
 the whole, the butcher thought that
 was no disadvantage. People were bound
 to come there to live, new houses would
 be built and new families move in,
 and he would have a chance to catch the
 new trade as it came along, and grow up
 with the locality. He looked forward to
 an increasing business, did the butcher.
 He had visions of his little store growing
 into a big store. In anticipation he heard
 himself spoken of as Johnson the butcher,
 with a delightful emphasizing of the article.

So the butcher rented the little store
 and the living rooms above it. The rent
 was pretty steep—thirty-five dollars a
 month for the store and ten dollars for the
 living rooms. Somehow the landlord
 seemed to have figured out pretty accu-
 rately just what a butcher could earn in
 that neighborhood, and wanted to take
 just so much of it as would leave the
 butcher enough for his living expenses,
 and no more. But the butcher was young
 and hopeful. He'd do more business
 presently; and of course, when he did,
 he'd be able to put some money by. He
 took the store and went to work like the
 energetic young butcher that he was.

For the next four or five years every-
 thing went on very nicely. The neighbor-
 hood didn't fill up quite as fast as he had
 hoped, but still there was an improvement.
 On the other hand his living expenses were
 increased by the advent of two children.
 But there was a good time coming—he
 felt sure of that—and in the meantime he
 lived comfortably and had no anxieties.

Then the lease expired of the ground on
 which the house the butcher rented stood,
 and the building passed out of the hands
 of the man who had built it and became
 the property of the landlord. This seemed
 quite natural and proper to the butcher,
 who looked upon landlords as a necessary
 and favored class, and saw nothing strange
 in their making money without working
 for it. But it affected him in a way he hadn't
 anticipated; for the landlord was a man
 who understood his business and paid at-
 tention to it. He was a hard worker, was
 this landlord. Though he never produced
 anything himself, he was marvelously
 industrious at getting hold of what other
 folks produced. He knew the butcher—
 had talked with him in a free
 and confiding manner that made the
 butcher really happy. He knew what the
 butcher was making, what it cost him to
 live, what his hopes of extending his busi-
 ness were, and all the rest of it. So when
 the ground lease fell in, and the house be-
 came his, this hard working landlord felt
 it his duty to raise the butcher's rent—ten
 dollars a month more on the store, and five
 dollars on the living rooms. The house
 wasn't any more valuable, but the privi-
 lege of living in that neighborhood was,
 and as the landlord owned that privi-
 lege, of course it was only right that he
 should charge the butcher what it was
 worth. It was funny—the butcher didn't
 try to figure it out, and had no very defi-
 nite ideas on the subject, but in a slow
 going, puzzle headed kind of way he felt
 that it was funny. His customers' land-
 lords raised their rents because there were
 butcher shops, and bakeries, and deli-
 catesse stores in the neighborhood; and
 he had his rent raised because there were
 customers in the neighborhood. So the
 butcher "stood the raise," and kept on
 thinking about the good time coming,
 though with somewhat diminished confi-
 dence.

Well, the good time really came at last.
 People moved in thick and fast. Tenement
 houses went up in every direction. The
 butcher's trade increased a little—not as
 fast as it might have done, for the butcher
 had saved no money to speak of, and
 couldn't enlarge his premises, and so other
 butchers came along and took a good deal
 of the business—but still it really did in-
 crease. But somehow the butcher was
 actually worse off for it. As his trade
 grew, his rent grew with it. It really
 seemed—though, of course, that was ridi-
 culous—as though he were working for his
 landlord, and not for himself. First it
 jumped to \$75 a month. Then it rose to
 \$100. The butcher discharged his hired
 man, and his wife, in addition to the care
 of the children and living rooms, had to
 help him in the store, while the oldest boy
 was taken from school and employed to
 carry home the orders. There was some-
 thing wrong somewhere.

I had many a talk with the butcher in
 those days. He used to tell me it was
 hard lines, that his rent had more than
 doubled while his business had increased
 only thirty per cent. He had spoken to
 his landlord; but all the answer he got
 was, if he didn't like it he could clear out,
 there would be plenty of men who would
 be glad to get the store at even a higher
 rental. This seemed like an unanswerable
 argument to the butcher, and indeed it was
 one.

I noticed about this time that the butcher
 was becoming a drinking man. I hap-
 pened into the store one day when he was
 more than ordinarily under the influence
 of liquor, and evidently he and his wife—
 who, by the way, was a remarkably sweet
 dispositioned woman—had been having
 some words. I asked what was the matter,
 and the woman said that Jim was neglect-
 ing his business and drinking more than
 a man with a family should. The butcher
 retorted by saying that a man had to do
 something to brace him up. He was up in
 the morning at three o'clock, and had to
 be in the store till seven in the evening.
 He couldn't afford to neglect any cus-
 tomers or he might lose them; and with
 the big expense he was under he couldn't
 afford to do that.

But a man couldn't stick to work all the
 time. If he took a nip now and then it
 was more to keep him up and enable him
 to stand the long hours that he had to
 work.

Two years ago the butcher's rent was

raised to \$110. Last year it mounted to
 \$120. That settled matters as far as the
 butcher himself was concerned. He lost
 heart completely, took to regular hard
 drinking, and gave up even the pretense
 of attending to his business. It was then
 that the wife became a butcher woman,
 carrying on the business with the help of
 the oldest boy, in order to support the
 other children and herself. Seven months
 ago the butcher disappeared altogether.
 His life struggle had exhausted him. He
 sank out of sight.

On the first of last month—queer it
 should have happened on April fool's day—
 the butcher woman received notice that
 her rent thereafter would be \$135 a month.
 This broke her down completely and after
 a week or two of despairing struggle
 against the inevitable she sold her fix-
 tures and closed her store. I don't know
 what she is going to do. Neither does she.
 There is a lady among her customers—
 about the one well-to-do customer she had
 —who belongs to a charitable society which
 makes work for the deserving poor. She
 may do something for her. God knows.
 Such is the story of the butcher and the
 butcher woman.

My grocery man and I were talking
 over the butcher woman's case the other
 night. He is a down east Yankee, sharp
 and shrewd. He used to deal at the butcher
 woman's, knew her story and had plenty
 of sympathy for her. But while he ad-
 mitted that the case was a hard one, he
 didn't see that the landlord was at all to
 blame for carrying on his business on busi-
 ness principles.

"The butcher wasn't cute," said my
 grocery man; "neither was his wife. When
 I opened this store seven years ago I paid
 \$700 a year rent. My business was light
 for a long time, and it used to be as much
 as I could do to kill time.

"I had a customer who used to drop in
 for a chat and his hobby was the rent
 question. He hammered away until I got
 interested, though I couldn't fully under-
 stand what he meant. One day he asked
 me if I would read a book on the subject
 if he brought it to me, and I told him, as I
 had plenty of time on my hands, that I
 would. He brought me 'Progress and
 Poverty.' I read it through, and then I
 read it again more carefully. It gave me
 the idea on which I have worked ever
 since.

"What a landlord really does when he
 rents me a store is to lay a tax upon my
 business. If the business grows and pros-
 pers up goes the tax; if it languishes and
 doesn't grow the tax remains light. If my
 landlord should find out that I am doing
 a money making trade he would clap on
 more rent; but as long as he thinks I am
 struggling hard to make a living he will
 be pretty apt to be easy with me. Do you
 see the idea?"

"Look at this store. There's no display
 about it, such as you'll find at the other
 stores round here. Not much! When the
 landlord drops in on me and asks me how
 business is I shrug my shoulders and say
 nothing.

"You don't catch me getting up at four
 o'clock in the morning and rushing down
 town for green groceries. I don't keep
 them at all. I don't encourage one, two
 and three cent customers, for their tramp-
 ing in and out would give things a lively
 appearance. No sir!

"I have kept my eyes open for custom-
 ers who order two and three days' and
 a week's supply. And I don't run a wagon
 or a push cart. I keep one boy, and he
 delivers the orders with a basket. When I
 get orders amounting to five or ten dollars
 or more, I have them made up at the
 wholesale house down town, and delivered
 from there.

"Decent people in this neighborhood are
 mostly poor. I cater to the 'fast' trade
 around here, and I supply them with all
 their groceries, wines and liquors; but
 none of those goods go from my store.

"Do I make money? Of course I do.
 I'll bet I do more business than any two
 grocers in the neighborhood; but I do the
 bulk of my business on the sly, taking
 good care the landlord doesn't get on to
 me."

"Here's the store. Looks about the
 same as when I first got you for a cus-
 tomer, doesn't it? Well, that's the way I
 intend to have it look while I run it.

"Does it pay me to do this? I should
 murmur. I have only had my rent raised
 two hundred dollars in seven years, while
 that chap over there has had his rent more
 than doubled in the same time. No, not
 his rent, for the man that was there up
 to three years ago was frozen out by his
 landlord raising his rent; and the new man
 will be frozen out, too. I'll bet he pays
 nearly double the rent I do, and I'll bet
 also that he don't do over half the business
 I do.

"You've got to fight the devil with fire.
 My landlord is my devil, and I propose to
 get the best of him as long as I can."

My grocery man's talk has set me think-
 ing. If the landlord has a right to all the
 place is worth, isn't the grocery man
 cheating his landlord? Or, if he hasn't
 such a right, didn't the butcher woman's
 landlord cheat her? My butcher worked
 hard and told the truth, and now he's a
 drunkard and a tramp, and his family are
 beggars. My grocery man worked hard
 and lied, and seems to have thriven by the
 process. These things puzzle me.

WILLIAM MCCABE.

The Danger in Denying Man his Heritage
 of Earth.

Whatever strengthens our local attach-
 ments is favorable both to individual and
 national character. Our home, our birthplace,
 our native land—think for a while what
 the virtues are which arise out of the feelings
 connected with these words, and if you have any
 intellectual eyes, you will then conceive the
 connection between topography and patriot-
 ism. Show me a man who cares no more for
 one place than another, and I will show you
 that same person one who loves nothing but
 himself. Beware of those who are homeless by
 choice; you have no hold on a human being
 whose affections are without a tap root.
 The laws recognize this truth in the privi-
 leges they confer upon free holders; and
 public opinion acknowledges it also in the
 confidence which it reposes upon those who
 have what is called a stake in the country.
 Vagabond and roger are convertible terms,
 and with how much propriety may any one
 understand who knows what are the habits
 of the wandering classes, gypsies, tinkers
 and potters.

TAX LAWS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Things Very Much Muddled, But the Rail-
 road Corporation Managers to Wriggle
 Out, While the Poor Man Who Tells the
 Truth, Of Course, Gets Punished.

PHILADELPHIA, April 27.—A general revenue
 law enacted by the legislature of the state of
 Pennsylvania on the seventh day of June,
 1879, by section 4, imposed a tax of three
 mills on each dollar of the value of the capital
 stock of corporations, to be paid by the
 treasurers of the corporations to the state
 treasury.

Section 17 of the said act provided that all
 mortgages, debts owing by solvent debtors,
 accounts bearing interest, shares of stock,
 and all other moneyed capital in the hands of
 individual citizens, with various exceptions,
 should be taxed at the rate of four mills on
 every dollar of the value thereof annually.

This section it was found necessary to revise
 and re-enact by the act of June 10, 1881, and
 again in the act of June 30, 1885, wherein
 directions were made for recording officers to
 make out list of mortgages, judgments, etc.,
 to assist the tax officers to reach the same for
 taxation.

Section 6 of the latter "further supplement"
 to the state tax laws provided for a form of
 return which each citizen should make, under
 oath, of all his personal property subject to
 taxation under the various tax laws of the
 commonwealth. This provision was so effica-
 cious in making some honest people disclose
 their property and pay tax, while the great
 mass escaped the infliction, and in its operation
 disclosed so glaringly the injustice which re-
 sults from our laws which endeavor to tax
 "personal property," that on May 13, 1887, it
 was enacted, "That all taxes laid upon watch-
 es, household furniture, and pleasure carriages,
 and the same are hereby abolished, and the
 laws under which said taxes are laid and col-
 lected, so far as they relate to the property
 herein mentioned, are hereby repealed." This
 shows the trend of the taxing minds of our law-
 makers. The tax dogs were called off to that
 extent. Thereupon arose the question whether
 the law applied to the taxes on the then cur-
 rent year, 1887. The tax officers attempted to
 collect them, but the courts decided that the
 law abolished them. Now the question is,
 What shall be done in the cases of those who
 had already paid such taxes for the year 1887
 prior to the enactment of the repealing act?
 They want their money back.

Edward J. Fox and wife applied to court
 for an injunction to restrain the tax assessor
 of the district in which they lived from pro-
 ceeding to assess them under the act of 1885,
 which is largely, as I have said, a revision
 and re-enactment of the seventeenth section
 of the act of 1879. One of the grounds of the
 application was that the act of 1885 was un-
 constitutional, not agreeing with that section
 of our state constitution, which provides that
 "all taxes shall be uniform upon the same
 class of subjects among other respects in
 that it does not tax mortgages and money
 owned by corporations equally and together
 with mortgages and money owned by indi-
 viduals and others.

In this case ("Fox's appeal") it was settled
 that the act of 1885 is unconstitutional in some
 of its provisions; but it is not so in this re-
 spect: that inasmuch as by the fourth section
 of the act of 1879, which I have above first
 mentioned, to which this act of 1885 is "a fur-
 ther supplement," a tax is imposed upon the
 value of the capital stock of corporations, the
 omission to tax the mortgages owned by
 corporations, as well as other mortgages, does
 not produce unequal taxation; and further, it
 was settled by this case that the mortgages
 owned by corporations are not subject to tax-
 ation under this act as are the mortgages
 owned by individuals. Some of the argu-
 ment reaffirmed when the question was di-
 rectly raised by the corporations themselves
 against the tax officers.

The republican state convention included
 in its platform, which was adopted on Wed-
 nesday, the following: "Eleventh. We recom-
 mend such a revision of the revenue laws of
 the state as will impose upon corporations
 taxation equal in amount to that from which
 they have been exempted by judicial deci-
 sions recently rendered."

Here is further progress in escaping tax-
 ation by those who can best afford to bear it.
 The Record to-day says editorially:

Two recent decisions by the Dauphin county
 court threaten to overturn the present re-
 venue system of the commonwealth. Judge
 McElroy has ordered a lien to be con-
 sidered of the state tax on gross receipts,
 because it applied to the interstate traffic as
 well as to the state traffic of certain common
 carriers, would, if affirmed by the upper
 courts, cause a loss of over one million dol-
 lars per annum upon the commonwealth.

An attack is also to be made upon the un-
 constitutionality of the capital stock tax, which
 yields \$2,000,000 per annum to the state, the
 initial move in that direction having been
 taken on Tuesday last at Harrisburg by a
 learned lawyer who acts for largely all the
 powerful corporations of Pennsylvania. Al-
 together there are 200 corporation tax suits
 pending in the Dauphin county court, which
 has special jurisdiction in the settlement of
 such questions.

What more is required by the candid
 thinker to show the injustice of our whole
 present system of taxation?

J. HENRY MCINTYRE.

The Population of Japan.

The London and China Telegraph, referring
 to recent publications on Japanese statistics,
 says that on Jan. 1, 1885, the Japanese empire
 had a population of 37,368,987, or an average
 of ninety-nine inhabitants to each square kil-
 ometer, which is about the same average as
 Italy and much more than that of Germany.
 But if the large area of Yezo and the Kuriles
 with its small population, be deducted, Japan
 proper has a population of 131 to the square
 kilometer, while Great Britain had only 114.

For various reasons peculiar to the country
 and the people the distribution of the popula-
 tion is by clusters. In eight administrative
 districts the density reaches 220 per
 square kilometer, for these include the
 fertile rice plains and the most productive
 fisheries. Japan is a country of small
 peasant cultivation, rice being the principal
 staple, hence the mountainous districts are
 very thinly inhabited. The average number
 of persons in a household is 3.91, while in Ger-
 many it is 4.7; but in German households the
 average is smaller than in the country or
 than that of European cities. Notwith-
 standing the density of the population, the
 small number of populous towns is very strik-
 ing. Only five have a population exceeding
 100,000—viz., Tokio, 902,837; Osaka, 353,970;
 Kyoto, 256,408; Nagoya, 126,898, and Kanaga-
 wa, 104,330. Six only have a population be-
 tween 50,000 and 100,000. This peculiarity in
 distribution is due to the circumstances that
 Japan is not an industrial but an agricultural
 country. Another peculiarity is the propor-
 tion of the sexes; there were 19,157,977 males
 and 18,711,110 females, so that, reversing
 the rule in Europe, the males preponderate.

This is said to be due to the effect that there
 is a great preponderance of female mortality
 between fifteen and forty, Japanese statis-
 tics on this subject being wholly different
 from those of European countries. At the
 date of the census there were 3,896 Japanese
 abroad, their distribution being as follows:
 Corea, 4,356; China, 2,085; America, 817; Rus-
 sia (including eastern Siberia), 671; Great Brit-
 ain, 264; France, 164; Germany, 129, and the
 remainder in other countries or on the sea.

THE BOOT AND SHOE INDUSTRY.

How Free Land, Free Power and No Taxes
 Developed It in Small New England
 Towns.

The Lynn, Mass., Rec., commenting on a re-
 cent editorial in the Boot and Shoe Recorder,
 says:

The Recorder's theory is a very pretty one
 on paper, but there is a fatal defect about it.
 It is that it is a theory. It doesn't work. It
 is the workman or his wages worth a cent.
 The high protective tariff with the protection-
 ists' cry that "it makes high wages," has
 attracted thousands upon thousands of skilled
 and unskilled European and Canadian labor-
 ers into our country, and the skilled laborers
 have entered our mills at a low rate of wages
 and have driven out the American laborers,
 until to-day there are over a million of labor-
 ers out of work.

"There is one thing that will tempt
 capital to invest in factories," says the
 Recorder, "and that is profit. The greater
 the profit the more eager will capital be to
 invest." Was it a demand, in the sense in
 which the Recorder puts it, that led to the
 closing of our country shoe factories, or was
 it the inducement of greater profits held out
 by selection of the towns in free rent, taxes
 and power, and in getting a larger profit out
 of the protected workmen's wages? There
 was no demand for those country shops,
 as the work could have been done in the
 already established and the manufacturers
 have been willing to pay fair living prices and
 have recognized the right of workmen to
 sell their wages at the highest price. The
 protective tariff forces the workman to
 sell his necessities, his life in the labor
 market and leaves the manufacturer free to
 purchase his labor in the cheapest market.

"If this is protection to labor,"
 "and then," says the Recorder, "the tariff
 raises the price of an article, as the Rec. holds
 that it does, the conclusion is as clear as logic
 that it makes that increased price the very
 thing to induce capital to build factories
 for producing the article, the increased de-
 mand for workmen with its effect on wages
 follows as a logical sequence. There is such
 a thing as too much protection (taxation).
 Capital seeking investment, everything else
 being equal, will be attracted to the city or
 town where the tax rate is the lowest. The
 fact between Lynn and Boston is twenty
 cents a pair, the tariff does a fair thing.
 Reduce the tariff to ten or five cents, and the
 railroads would be swamped with business.
 Just so it will be in knocking off the war
 taxes: there will be stimulation of trade,
 and the market will be opened up, and labor
 will be better rewarded, as it will be given
 steeper employment."

A Machine That Will Do the Work of a Ste-
 nographer.

The stenographers who report the proceed-
 ings in congress for publication in the Con-
 gressional Record, the past few days,
 secured a machine to facilitate the work,
 which has already proven of inestimable
 value. It is one of Edison's inventions, and is
 called the graphophone. The machine very
 much resembles a lady's sewing machine and
 is worked in the same manner.

The instrument is used in this wise: When one
 of the stenographers concludes his floor re-
 port, he goes to this machine, reads his report
 into a funnel connecting with the main cylin-
 der, which is furnished with a cord, and re-
 ceives with the point of a needle connected
 with the tube from the funnel mouthpiece
 reading his report another operator attaches
 tubes to

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

Matilda C. Edwards.
The Church and the World were far apart,
On the changing shore of time it was tossed,
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
Come give me your hand, cried the merry
World,
And walk with me this way;
But the good Church hid her snow white
hand,
And solemnly answered, Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way of endless death;
Your words are all untrue.

Nay, walk with me but a little space,
Said the World with a kindly air,
The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
And mine is broad and plain;
My road is paved with flowers and gems,
And yours with tears and pain.
The sky above me is always blue;
No want, no toil I know;
The sky above you is always dark;
Your lot is all of sorrow and pain.
My path, you see, is a broad, fair path,
And my gate is high and wide—
There is room enough for you and me
To travel side by side.

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow;
The old World grasped it and walked along,
Saying, in accents low:
Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
I will give you pearls to wear,
Rich velvet and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair.
The Church looked down at her plain white
robes,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.
I will change my dress for a costlier one,
Said the Church with a smothered sigh,
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the World gave in their place,
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
And roses and gems and pearls,
And over her forehead her bright hair fell
Crisped in a thousand curls.

Your house is too plain, said the proud old
World,
I'll build you one like mine;
Carpets of Brussels, and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine.
So he built her a costly and beautiful house—
Said the Church to the World:
Her son and her beautiful daughters dwell
there,
Gleaming in purple and gold;
And fairs and shows in the halls were held,
And the World and his children were there,
And laughter and music and feasts were
heard.
In the place that was meant for prayer,
She had cushioned pews for the rich and the
great.
To sit in their pomp and pride,
While the poor folk, clad in their shabby
suits,
Sat meekly down outside.

The angel of mercy flew over the Church,
And whispered, I know thy sin;
The Church looked back with a sigh, and
loured.
To gather her children in,
But some were off to the midnight ball,
And some were off at the play,
And some were drinking in gay saloons;
So she quietly wept her way.
The sky World gallantly said to her,
Your children mean no harm—
Merely indulging in innocent sports.
So she leaned on his proffered arm,
And smiled, and chatted, and gathered flowers
as she walked along with the World;
While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the horrible pit were hurled.
You give too much to the poor, said the
World.

Far more than you ought to do;
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need I trouble you?
Take your money and buy rich robes;
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls, and jewels, and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.
My children they do on all such things,
And if you think you would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the
ways
That they are walking in.
The Church held tightly the strings of her
purse.
And gracefully lowered her head,
And whispered, I've given too much away,
I'll do, sir, as you have said.
So the poor were turned from her door in
sorrow.

And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows wept weeping by.
The sons of the World and the sons of the
Church
Walked closely hand and hand,
And only the Master who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease and
said,
I am rich, and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing, and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast.
The sky World heard her, and laughed in his
sleeve.
And mockingly said aside,
The Church is fallen—the beautiful Church—
And her shame is her boast and pride!

The angel drew near to the mercy seat,
And whispered, in sighs, her name;
And the saints their anthems of rapture
bushied,
And covered their heads with shame.
And a voice came down, through the hush of
heaven,
From Him who sat on the throne:
I know thy work, and how thou hast said,
I am rich; and hast not known
That thou art naked and poor and blind
And wretched before my face;
Therefore, from my presence I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place!

CAPTAIN KIDD.

The name of Captain Kidd is as familiar as
the hero of a nursery rhyme, but how few
there are who know his story. He was a
pirate who roamed the seas, scuttling ships,
murdering seamen, plundering cargoes and
burying treasures; who was captured as a
pirate, tried as a pirate, hanged as a pirate,
and who righteously stands as the type of
all that was at once most dreadful, most
mysterious and most romantic in piracy.
This, in brief, is his commonly accepted bio-
graphy. And yet Captain Kidd was neither
tried nor hanged for piracy, and there is
grave reason to doubt that he was a pirate.

In the latter part of the seventeenth cen-
tury William Kidd, a Scotchman by birth,
was captain of a packet ship plying regularly
between New York and London. He was a
man of comfortable means, and one of the
most respected inhabitants of New York. In
1692, after marrying the widow of a sea cap-
tain who had left a considerable estate, he
took up his residence in Hanover square,
where he remained until the land in the vic-
inity of Nassau and Liberty streets was laid
off into building lots, when he purchased a
lot there and built a mansion upon it, in
which he lived at the time of the voyage
that was destined to make him so unhappily
famous.

At this period New York was a market
for piratical plunder. Her merchants, under
cover of legitimate commerce, trafficked
along the African coast with the pirates of
the Indian ocean; and so profitable was
this traffic that efforts to suppress it
aroused intense feeling here and ultimately
became an absorbing topic of political de-
bate. In 1695 Robert Livingston of Albany

was a passenger with Kidd, and during the
voyage to London the captain and his
wealthy passenger frequently discussed the
subject. Later in the voyage their discus-
sions took a practical turn, and it was agreed
that they should organize a cruise under the
king's commission against the Indian sea pi-
rates, their compensation, in lieu of govern-
ment pay, to be a share of the plunder cap-
tured from the pirates. The plan was pro-
posed by Livingston.

On their arrival in London the earl of
Bellmont was interested in the scheme, and
Lord Chancellor Somers, the earl of Romney,
the duke of Sutherland, the earl of Oxford
and even the king, became partners in the en-
terprise. A written agreement was made, in
which it was provided that Captain Kidd
should be commissioned to act as a private
man of war; that he should take one hundred
seamen and go in search of pirates, bringing
his prizes to Boston; that the crew should
ship for "no prize, no pay"; that the earl of
Bellmont should pay four-fifths of the ex-
pense of fitting out the vessel, Kidd and Liv-
ingston to pay the other fifth; and that of the
prizes taken one-fourth were to go to the
crew, and the other three-fourths to be
divided into five parts, one of which was to
belong to Livingston and Kidd and the re-
mainder to Belmont and his associates. In
case no prizes were taken Belmont was to
receive \$25,000, in consideration of which the
ship was to vest in Livingston and Kidd; but
if Kidd delivered \$100,000 worth of prizes to
Bellmont the ship was to belong to Liv-
ingston and Kidd without other compensation.

It was not until the winter of 1696 that the
expedition was fitted out. When all was in
readiness Kidd resigned his packet ship to his
owners and went aboard the Adventure galley
with about seventy men. He sailed for
New York, expecting to capture some prizes
on his way, but in that both he and his crew
were greatly disappointed. In the following
summer, having recruited his men from New
York, he sailed for Madagascar. The re-
mainder of his story is told by the late
David T. Valentine, one of the historians of
New York in an old manual of the city now
out of print.

"Whether from want of direct communica-
tion, which might enable him to find the pirate
ships or the depositaries of their spoils; or
whether the pirates had received notice of his
approach and had avoided him, it seems he
was unable to effect the object of his expedi-
tion. There is also the alternative reason,
which is that commonly ascribed to his con-
duct, that he found piracy more profitable
than war with the pirates; and therefore
adopted, from mercenary motives, the pro-
position of those he was sent to subdue. But,
judging from probability, we infer that his
own story may have been the correct one,
and that his lawless crew, disappointed in
prize money from captured pirates, forced
him to a course of conduct as foreign to
his own designs as it was to the ob-
jects of the distinguished characters by
whose authority he acted. They took three
or four vessels, the most valuable of which
was a ship of four hundred tons, called the
Quidah Merchant, laden with treasure and
East India goods. With the Quidah Merchant,
Kidd having abandoned the Adventure galley
to a portion of his crew, commenced his
return to America. He was aware, however,
that under the best explanation he could give
of his conduct he would be greatly censured.
He, therefore, in the first instance, made the
Danish island of St. Thomas, and solicited
protection, which was denied him; thence pur-
suing his course toward an island called
Moona, between Porto Rico and Hispaniola,
he met on the way a large sloop commanded
by one Henry Bolton. He hired Bolton to
proceed to Curacao, to purchase provisions;
and having in the meantime deliberated upon
the course of conduct most judicious to pur-
sue, he resolved to purchase Bolton's vessel,
in which to proceed to New York, and there
ascertain the sentiments of government with
respect to his proceedings, before closing his
voyage. He purchased the sloop of Bolton
and left that individual in charge of the
Quidah Merchant to await his return. He,
however, carried with him many valuable
goods and considerable treasure.

"About the first of June, 1699, Kidd entered
the harbor of New York, and took up his abode
with his sloop and about forty men in Bel-
lows bay. He sent his boat ashore at the
Horekille, where he was supplied with what
he wanted, and the people frequently went
aboard his vessel, giving him information of
the actual state of things then existing in the
colonies. Some of his men left him at this
place, but several were afterward taken—
some of them at Burlington, New Jersey, and
others in Pennsylvania and Maryland. Kidd
then, with a fatuity which seems unaccount-
able, unless we suppose he thought himself
able to vindicate his conduct, took his sloop
and treasure to the east end of Long Island,
from which locality he designed to open
negotiations with Lord Bellmont.

"Having given notice of his arrival to his
friends in New York, one of them, named
Emott, was sent to him, through whom he
opened a correspondence with Lord Bellmont,
then in Boston. Through Emott, Kidd made
known to Bellmont his existing circum-
stances at Long Island; that he had left the
Quidah Merchant in the hands of a sloop,
on the coast of Hispaniola, and that he had
value of \$20,000; that he had bought a sloop,
in which he was come to make his terms,
having on board of her several barrels of East
India goods, sixty pounds weight of gold dust
and ingots, about one hundred weight of sil-
ver, besides other things which he believed
would sell for about \$10,000. He protested
his own innocence, and asserted that he would
make it appear that his men forced him, lock-
ing him up in the cabin of the Adventure gal-
ley, whilst they robbed two or three ships, and
that he could prove this by many witnesses.

"The earl of Bellmont answered Kidd's
agent (Emott) that Kidd might safely make
his appearance in Boston, if he could make
his innocence appear; and gave further ap-
pearance of his pacific intentions by writing
a letter to Kidd to the same effect, which
letter he dispatched by a Scotchman named
Campbell, resident in New York, and a per-
sonal friend of Kidd, who, at the latter's re-
quest, had visited Boston with a view to in-
tercede for him and procure him a fair hear-
ing.

"Three or four days subsequently Camp-
bell returned, bringing Kidd's answer, in
which, after reiterated protestations of his
innocence, he promised to bring his sloop to
Boston without delay. Kidd arrived in Bos-
ton on the first of July, 1699, and appeared,
upon request, before the earl and the pro-
vincial council, where he underwent a series
of examining interviews. The nature of these
does not transpire, but on the 6th of July
Kidd was sent to prison, and a commission
was appointed to take charge of his effects.

"Information of his arrest was sent to Eng-
land (where the matter was then the subject
of great political excitement), and it was sug-
gested that piracy, not being a capital crime
in America, Kidd and other captured pirates
should be sent for and tried in England; to
which end orders were soon after dispatched,
and a ship of war, under Rear Admiral Ben-
bow, was dispatched to bring the pirates
across the ocean.

"It is supposed that by this time Kidd was
forced to appreciate his position and to fore-
see his danger, for he was on all sides sur-
rounded by enemies. On the one hand, Lord
Bellmont, who had involved the stability of
the great whig party in England by bringing

its leading members, and even the king him-
self, into direct pecuniary connection with an
expedition which had beyond doubt encouraged
a piratical voyage, could not encourage
Kidd in any manner without laying himself
open to the taunts and animadversions which
were already thrown at him from his oppo-
nents; and on the other hand were the op-
posite faction even to admit the possibility of
Kidd's innocence, they would lose the politi-
cal capital thus afforded, the strength of
which depended solely upon Kidd's personal
guilt, as it was with him alone the great
functionaries had held correspondence.

"Admiral Benbow left America about the
1st of June, 1700, with his prisoners, nine in
number, among whom were Captain Kidd,
Robert Bradenham, his surgeon, one Brown
(a piratical adventurer, who had married a
daughter of Governor Markham of Pennsylv-
ania), David Evans and Tarragh Sullivan.
"Kidd was not put upon his trial for piracy,
but was indicted and convicted of the murder
of William Moore, one of his seamen,
whom he struck with a bucket for insubordi-
nation, and death resulted from the blow.
Whether policy dictated this form of pro-
secution from a fear of the character of the
disclosures which might result from an indict-
ment for piracy, in which the nature and
origin of the whole expedition would be open
to examination, and thus additional fuel
might be added to the popular excitement
which had already so greatly harassed the
government party, or whether there were
reasonable doubts of the ability
of the prosecution to convict
Kidd of piracy, is a question of surmise. It is
certain, however, that if the sacrifice of Kidd
was determined on, the probability of his
conviction for the murder of Moore, where
the question was simply with what intent the
blow had been struck, was almost a certainty,
before a jury of a country where the prejudice
was strong against him, and who could
readily inter an intent, which should construe
the crime into a fatal one to its perpetrator.

"Captain Kidd was hanged at Execution
dock, in the city of London, on the twelfth
day of May, 1701."

TAXATION MAKES SPECULATORS DROP UNUSED LAND.

San Francisco Echoes.
The big ranches of California are disap-
pearing with great rapidity. They will soon
be among the things of the past. Until very
recent years the large ranches of California
were in the nature of a public calamity. The
owners could not or would not cultivate
them; nor would they subdivide and sell them
to persons who would cultivate. The pay-
ment of reasonable taxation was stillfully
refused, and the owners, by the present
constituted for many years a barrier to the
development of California. Most of them,
which in many cases embraced leagues of
land capable of furnishing profitable employ-
ment to a large population, constituted a
field of industry of a few vaqueros. But the
day came when the holding of large unculti-
vated tracts of land became too expensive,
owing to the natural and unavoidable in-
crease of taxes. Then began the era of their
dissolution, and one after another the prin-
ciple domains granted under Mexican rule to
the dons of that period have been disappear-
ing.

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sumption of this reduction by a reform of the present
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